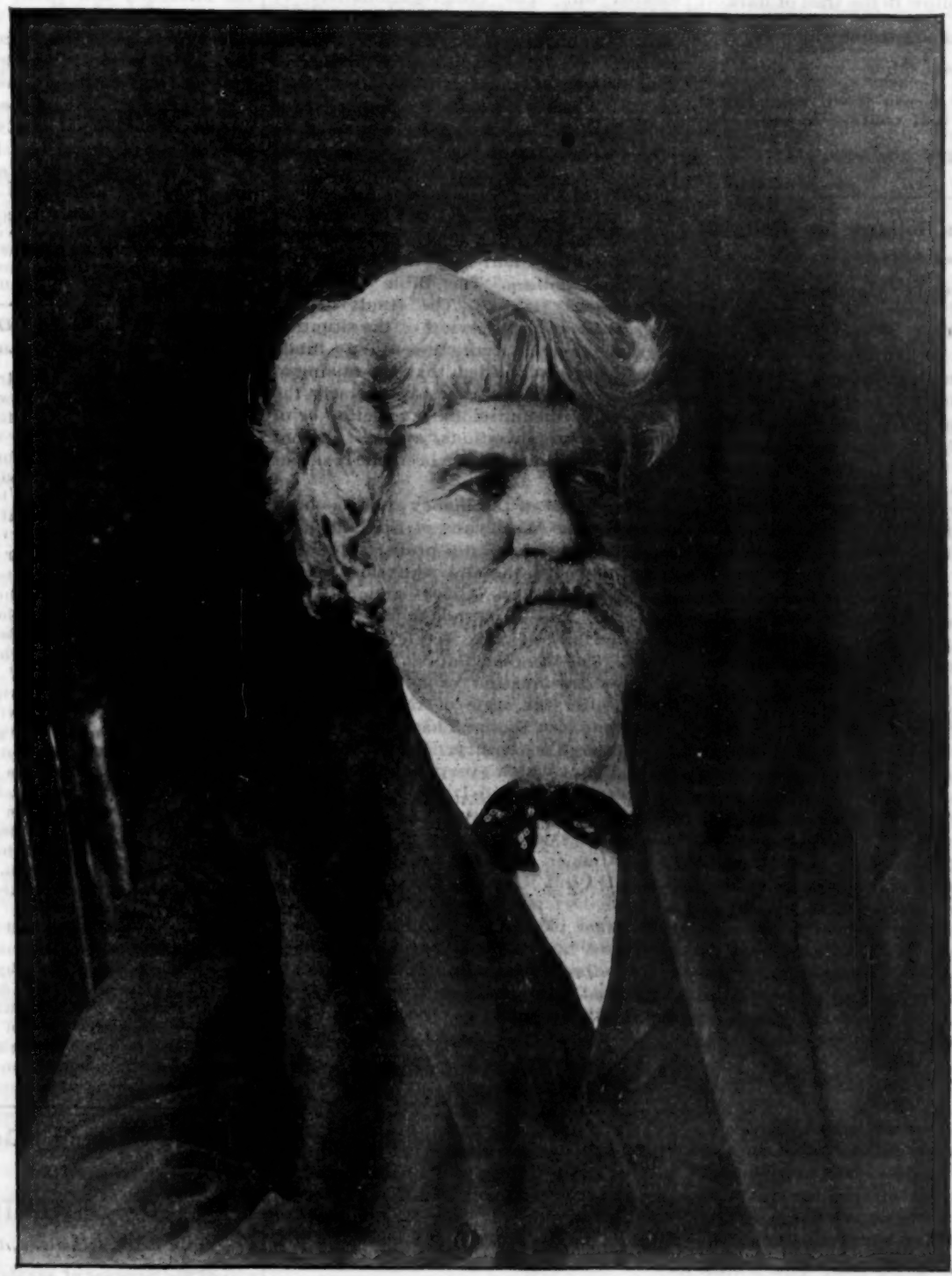


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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1902



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THE LATE EDWARD EGGLESTON

His Latest Photograph

Born at Vevay, Ind.,
Dec. 10, 1837

Died at Joshua's Rock, Lake George,
Sept. 3, 1902

Song of Gladness

Sing away your trouble and soul-disturbing fears;
Smile away your sorrows, your heartaches and your tears;
Let the sunshine follow you thro' all the coming years—
Sing a song of gladness forever.

Look above the trials that abound on ev'ry hand;
Keep a stock of courage always at command;
Some time in the future you will understand—
Sing a song of gladness forever.

When the day is gloomy, songs will make it bright;
When the burden's heavy, smiles will make it light;
Sunshine will follow in the trail of darkest night—
Sing a song of gladness forever.

Just a song of sunshine—let it flood the heart,
And the bars of sorrow it will rend apart;
Whisper words that courage in some soul will start—
Sing a song of gladness forever.

—Selected.

Forty Million Dollars for Religion

[From Boston Herald.]

IT is an impressive statement made by the *Church Economist* for September that about \$30,000,000 of the \$40,000,000 that various church organizations in Great Britain and America had set themselves the task of raising for a special twentieth century fund has been already contributed. This is an enterprise in religious benevolence the like of which has never been known before, and a wonderful testimony to the voluntary consecration of wealth to religious uses that will be held as an example for all time. We suppose there is no doubt that substantially the whole amount named will be obtained within a reasonable period.

The statistics of progress in this country are probably accurately known to those of the several denominations engaged in such effort, each denomination keeping track of its own. But how the enterprise was progressing abroad was not so well understood. The *Church Economist* undertook to ascertain the conditions over the whole field, and the result may be reckoned a creditable enterprise of much value. The really remarkable showing is that, while these immense extraordinary contributions have been gathered in for specific uses, the regular contributions for church and mission support appear to have been kept up without substantial diminution. The twentieth century gifts thus appear as to be verily extraordinary—thank offerings, as one might say, out of the abundance of prosperity and devotion.

No other body of Christians set so high a mark of effort as the Methodist Church, North. The Bishops called on the members of this church for a special sum of \$20,000,000, and to date they have raised \$17,000,000 of the amount. The rest will come. All is for special purposes, among them the relieving of churches from debt and advancement of the educational work. The Missionary Societies of this church were fearful that the scheme would make such a draft on the resources of the people that their cause would suffer. They appealed to the Bishops to be included as beneficiaries, but were denied. The Missionary Society's income has not fallen off more than \$15,000 from what it had been. "As a rule," says the *Church Economist*, "figures of all societies being before us, receipts are larger today than ever before, and hardly a society, here or abroad, but is out of debt, a condition that has not obtained in many years."

The Canada Methodists reached their

goal first and passed beyond it. That goal was \$1,000,000, but \$250,000 in excess came in. The Canada Presbyterians set out to raise \$1,000,000. The amount obtained is already \$1,430,000, and Rev. Dr. Warden, general agent and treasurer, predicts that at the end of this year the total will be \$1,600,000. The English Wesleyans have raised \$4,500,000. The Congregationalists of England set their mark at \$2,700,000. Albert Spicer, president of the Congregational Union of England, announces that the amount actually secured is \$3,312,000. The total expenses of raising this large sum were less than \$30,000. The English Congregational churches had debts amounting to \$2,500,000, which are almost entirely cleared off. The Congregationalists of Wales started out to raise \$1,000,000 in five years. In three years they have raised \$860,000. The Congregational churches of Australia and Tasmania have raised over \$415,000. The United Methodist Free Churches of England undertook to raise 100,000 guineas, and in two years had surpassed the mark by 4,000 guineas. The Baptists of Great Britain and Ireland set out to raise \$1,250,000, and have already obtained more than \$1,000,000. The Calvinistic Methodists have four-fifths of a desired half a million dollars. The Bible Christians have raised \$125,000. The result of the *Church Economist's* review of the situation is that these twentieth-century funds abroad have succeeded, that the raising of the money has not affected adversely the incomes of the missionary societies or of the parish organizations, and a spiritual uplift in the churches has been one result of the effort.

A large part of the money that has been raised by the Wesleyans of England is to go for the purchase of a property in London, known as the Old Aquarium. It is near Westminster Abbey and will be converted into a church house to be the headquarters of the Wesleyans of the world. The English Baptist fund will be used for the creation of a "sustentation fund," after the style of that which the Free Church of Scotland has had in operation for half a century. It is a common purse, out of which every Baptist minister in Great Britain and Ireland, if in actual pastoral charge, will receive a uniform fixed minimum salary. The people to whom they minister may add to this whatever they will, but whenever they add enough to make the total salary exceed \$750 a year, they must pay on such additional sum a graduated tax, varying from 25 to 35 per cent., to the central fund. These figures indicate that ministers' salaries in the English Baptist churches do not run high.

The Electric Car Peril

[From the Springfield Republican.]

THE Pittsfield accident graphically accentuates the electric car peril that is with us all the time, and is steadily ramifying in every direction. Familiarity breeds contempt for the dangers which attend street car riding. The motorman comes to lightly play with the "juice," as he familiarly terms the deadly electric current. He too readily learns to enjoy "speeding up," particularly if there are stretches of country road or a down-hill plunge on his run, and there are plenty of feather-headed passengers ready to urge him to "let her go!" All of us have seen and experienced all this, and shuddered at the thoughtless playing with danger and been thankful when no harm came of it. It was tempting providence, none the less, and if accident had come there would have been no defence for the man at the helm. Thus does reckless running creep in, with no set or stern oversight to check and regulate what has be-

come a positive danger to the traveling public, whether on the car or in vehicles upon the highway. Now and then disaster comes to condemn this thoughtless playing with danger, but beyond some newspaper or managerial preachments there is no real safeguarding of the future.

When all has been said and done, street-car travelers commit their lives to the discretion, the good sense and the intelligence of the motorman. We are as much in his keeping as we are at the mercy of the engineer of the railroad train when riding thereon. A serious, sober, careful man is the locomotive engineer. It is possible to pick him with more care and to know him better than it is to judge and be sure of the unskilled and vastly more numerous motormen. Great, then, is the appeal to the men who operate the electric cars to take themselves seriously and to show all possible sense and caution in their work.

Eternal vigilance at the lever takes no chances. The side of safety is where every electric car ought to be. Let this thought be with the employees of electric railroads morning, noon and night—it is the best, if not about the only effectual, way to insure the public safety. No undue speeding, no taking of chances—"this once," no "get there" purpose that goes it blind—but careful, safe and sure running all the time.

The White Mountains a Delightful Resort During September and October

Commencing about the first of September there is one section of New England which shines with a new brilliancy and an added beauty and fragrance. The White Mountains at this period are opening for their second season of the year, for the months of September and October have come to be looked upon as the premier season of the year at the White Mountains.

At this season of the year when most of the resorters at New England beaches are beginning to plan a return home, hundreds of people are contemplating a trip to the mountains.

During this season the mountains are decked in all their fall splendor, the hotels are ready to accommodate the influx of autumn visitors, and such hotels, they are veritable palaces with luxurious interiors fitted with everything to please and accommodate the guests.

The many interesting points such as the Flume, Crawford Notch, the Franconia Notch, and the Summit always receive marked interest during this season. The beauties of these sections are especially prominent now.

Surely the grandeur of the "White Mountains" is beyond conception, and a trip is the only way of acquiring knowledge and supreme enjoyment.

In order to get a detailed description, send two cents in stamps for the publication "Among the Mountains" published by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and if you intend taking a trip secure the new "Bird's Eye View of the White Mountains" as seen from the Summit of Mt. Washington, a beautiful colored map which will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

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Hackettstown, N. J.

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GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

President Roosevelt's Narrow Escape

THERE is still considerable discussion as to who was to blame for the disaster which befell the presidential party while en route from Pittsfield to Lenox in carriages on Wednesday forenoon, Sept. 8. That more lives were not lost is marvelous. President Roosevelt's carriage, which was in the lead, also contained Governor Crane and Secretary Cortelyou. William Craig, a secret service agent, who has served as the President's body-guard, rode with the driver. A short distance out of Pittsfield, while the driver was in the act of crossing a trolley track, which swerved from the middle to the left side of the road, a heavily loaded car from Pittsfield, running at high speed, struck the President's carriage, the front wheels of which were between the rails, the body of the vehicle being almost parallel with the street, but diagonal to the track. The landau was demolished and pushed to one side. The right wheel horse was killed. Craig fell off and was instantly crushed to death by the car, and the driver was thrown into the street and seriously injured. While the spectators were recovering from their shock, President Roosevelt scrambled out of the carriage wreck. The right side of his face was bruised and his right eye blackened. Governor Crane was scarcely scratched. Secretary Cortelyou was unconscious for some time. When he recovered his first act was to inquire for the President and then send dispatches to Mrs. Roosevelt and others announcing the safety of the presidential party. Medical attention was given to the injured men at the Country Club. Governor Crane assumed charge of the remains of Mr. Craig, who met death while in the performance of his duty, and the party proceeded to Lenox. Responsibility for the accident was laid upon the motorman and the conductor, who were arrested and are now awaiting trial. It appears that the motorman's desire to get ahead of the President's party so his passengers could watch the procession, was the chief cause of the accident. Immediately after the disaster he justified his conduct by declaring that he had the right of way. The President says he heard the clanging of the gong, but supposed the motorman

was merely taking part in the general demonstration along the way. Some blame is attached to the street car company for not stopping the cars while the President was passing, as has been done in other places. It is supposed the driver acted on the presumption that a motorman would not even think of disputing right of way with the President. In spite of the pain caused by his bruised face and the sorrow of heart over the death of Mr. Craig, the President and his advisers thought it best for him to continue his journey as it had been mapped out. The only change made was to send messages ahead asking the people to refrain from cheering.

Courts for Children

COURTS for children are now in operation in Boston, New York and Chicago. The one in New York was instituted recently, and those who are interested in preventing youthful offenders from developing into criminals expect much from it. It is becoming more generally recognized that heredity and environment are very important factors in the life of a child. Those born in the slums and back alleys of a great city can scarcely avoid learning habits that inevitably tend toward viciousness and lawlessness. Heretofore when caught in some overt act of lawbreaking they have been roughly and inconsiderately haled before the magistrate along with the adult criminals. Now, in the cities named all children accused of crime, under sixteen, are given a hearing by a special judge and in a court room entirely free from the contamination of police and criminal associations. In New York the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has charge of the children at all times. After arrest they are kept in the Society building, which looks very little like a prison. Children who are convicted are not sent to jail, but are placed in some institution where they will be surrounded by reformatory influences.

Strange Religious Mania

A DISTRESSING mania enthralled the 5,000 Russian Doukhorosti who have located in Western Manitoba. It is the outgrowth of the strange religious beliefs which caused them to be persecuted in their native country. They are deeply averse to shedding blood, for which reason they left Russia. The Canadian government humored this conviction, and exempted them from military duty as an inducement for them to locate on the prairie lands of western Canada. As strict vegetarians they do not eat meat, although they have plenty of live-stock. Then they concluded it was sinful for them to eat animal products, so they have given up

milk, butter, cheese, eggs, etc. The next step in this line of fanatical reasoning was to conclude that the use of harness made from leather was wrong, and this was followed by the condemnation of woolen clothing because wool grows on the bodies of sheep. The last step was to decide that it was a violation of their creed to make servants of any of the lower animals. They at once turned out their horses, cattle and sheep, driving them to "God's hill" and leaving them there to forage for themselves. Men and women take the places of horses and oxen. Twelve or fourteen men hitched to a plow suffice for this purpose, and it is the only method employed by them in the cultivation of the soil. Women, even, are employed in this manner, though when visiting the town men only are seen hauling the wagons and buggies. They wear cotton clothes exclusively, and rubber boots or shoes knit or woven of binder twine, which they buy for the purpose. Their food consists of bread and water, vegetables, wild berries and herbs. Farms are neglected and their stock is running wild in the hills. Fearing the rigid winters of that region, they are in correspondence with authorities in Southern California, Nevada, Arizona, and Australia, with a view to emigration to a warmer climate where the conditions would enable them to subsist on the soil without trespassing on the animal kingdom.

Abandoned Farms in New England

IN view of the announcement that Western capitalists are arranging to buy up abandoned farms in New England and colonize them with European immigrants, the recent discussion of the qualities of the soil in this section by Prof. Milton Whitney is unusually pertinent and interesting. He says there is no evidence that New England land has any less productive power than when it was first cultivated. Chemical analysis shows that it still retains all the essential ingredients for crop production. He attributes the desertion of the farms to the expense of clearing and cultivating the rough and rocky soils, the attractions of fertile lands in the West where crops can be raised with comparative ease, the development of the factory system, the opportunities for success in the commercial and industrial lines, and the increasing attractions of the cities. So much of the Western land has been taken up by settlers and speculators that it is not so easy to get a quarter section as it was ten or fifteen years ago, and this condition has a tendency to check the movement of immigrants and others westward. It seems a little singular that Western men should desire to develop a foreign agricultural population in New England, but as the

foreigners are coming this way regardless of the Western capitalists, it is better for all that they should be helped to make homes in the country rather than be allowed to crowd into the cities, many of which already have a large alien population.

Compulsory Arbitration

COMPULSORY arbitration, as a means of preventing strikes, is being widely discussed. Labor leaders have been pressing the matter upon the attention of Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, and urging him to call a special session of the legislature to enact a law of that kind so they could force a settlement of the coal strike. The governor is reported to be in sympathy with the general proposition, but declines to act until he is sure the legislators would pass a bill that he would be willing to sign. This question has also been considered in England. At the Trades Union Congress held in London last week, a resolution proposing that Parliament be called upon to pass a bill creating an elaborate national system of conciliation and arbitration, was defeated by a large majority. Many of the delegates opposed the resolution on the ground that under such a system the trades unions would not only lose many of the advantages which they had wrung from the employers, but would die of inanition, since the need of their survival would no longer exist. Americans, however, are encouraged in their agitation by the seeming success of the compulsory method in New Zealand, where it has been in operation for seven years. Opponents of the law insist that the test is incomplete, because it has been enforced all within a period of good times. They think that if the awards generally were for a decrease instead of an increase of wages, there might be serious trouble over the findings.

What Started the Manœuvres

THE recent manœuvres on our eastern coast and in Long Island Sound, in which the North Atlantic squadron maintained its cordon of defence against a supposed attack of an enemy's vessels, and subsequently — with what final success is not yet known — measured strength with the land defence represented by the military branch, had their source in the Naval War College at Newport, R. I., an institution founded about twelve years ago to supplement the Annapolis course and to train officers in thoughtfulness along the lines of their profession. A capacious building was erected; a fine library was accumulated; the most accomplished officers of the service were detailed for instructors; and every summer a "class" of twenty-five or more officers was ordered to the College. At first the curriculum consisted largely of lectures, but under the presidency of Captain (now Rear Admiral) H. C. Taylor, particular attention was given to what was known as "war problems" — attempts to determine procedure in case of hostile attack at various points. Army officers from Fort Adams attended the courses. The interest excited by this *Kriegspiel* led the Department to order the home squadron to Newport for a certain period each summer to co-operate

with the purposes of the College. And now the mimic warfare has been transferred to the high seas, and the work of the class-room carried on on a broad and practical scale. The manœuvres have involved a good deal of hard work by both officers and men, and a large amount of powder has been expended; but all this has been more than balanced by the increased enthusiasm, *esprit de corps*, mental and physical alertness, and familiarity with detail, which have resulted. Their influence cannot be otherwise than wholesome on both branches of the service.

Median Age of Americans

IT is comforting to note that the Census Bureau attests the assertions of scientists that Americans are increasing in longevity. The experts who manipulate the statistics and draw important conclusions from their computations have discovered that the median age in 1900 was 28.8 years as compared with 21.9 in 1890. This means that one-half of the population was older and one-half younger than the ages specified. Many complex influences have co-operated in producing as a resultant this steady change in the age composition of the population. Three may be mentioned — the rapid progress of medical and sanitary science, which has tended to increase the average length of life; the decrease in the relative number of children born, which has made the earlier age periods less preponderant numerically in the total population; and the influx, especially since 1840, of great numbers of adult immigrants, increasing the number in the old-age periods. In ninety years the median age indicates an advance of 7.4 years. The gain is greater among whites than among blacks.

Emperor William Visits Posen

DESPITE the forebodings of Emperor William's advisers, his visit to Posen last week did not provoke hostile demonstrations from the Prussian Poles. The imperial cavalcade entered the city at sunset on Tuesday, Sept. 2, amid an enthusiastic welcome from the German residents. The Polish majority of the people was silent, and looked gloomily at the brilliant show from houses destitute of decorations, but not one disorderly cry was heard. The Empress preceded her husband in a carriage, and bowed to the people continually. Emperor William, clad in the white uniform of the Garde-du-Corps, rode alone, walking his horse slowly. Behind him, in carriages or on horseback, rode fifty of the great personages of the empire, including princes, secretaries of state, and generals. On Wednesday the Emperor and Empress reviewed the Fifth Army Corps, consisting of 50,000 infantrymen and 8,000 cavalrymen, besides the artillery. Thousands of school children lined up and made a route for the imperial party when they returned from the parade-ground. A statue of Emperor Frederick was unveiled on Thursday in the presence of their majesties, the Crown Prince Frederick William, Field Marshal Count von Bulow, the cabinet ministers, and others of the nobility. In his reply to the address of the provincial Diet, the Emperor enjoined the Germans to lay aside their inherited tendency

to engage in party strife and work together for the good of the country. Referring to the Poles, he assured them that he did not expect to interfere with their religious freedom or to extirpate their racial peculiarities and traditions. Touching the latter point, he said:

"The kingdom of Prussia is composed of many races who are proud of their former history and their individuality. This, however, does not prevent them from being first of all good Prussians. It should be the same here. Traditions and recollections may live in peace, but they belong to history, to the past. This day I recognize only Prussians here, and I owe it to the labors of my forefathers to see that this province shall remain irrevocably bound to the Prussian monarchy, and that it shall forever be good Prussian and good German soil."

An important part of the visit was the announcement by the Emperor that the great fortifications of Posen, consisting of twelve miles of huge earth and masonry ramparts, originally costing \$50,000,000, would be demolished. They will be replaced by a ring of thirty-one forts well beyond the city limits.

Greeted by the Emperor

IN the midst of the military pomp incident to the imperial review of thirty thousand German troops on the Markendorf parade field near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Generals Corbin, Young and Wood were formally presented to the Emperor and Empress on Saturday. They were warmly greeted, and received an invitation to dine with the Emperor on Monday night at the new palace in Potsdam. Splendor was added to the occasion by the presence of Lord Roberts, Mr. Broderick, the British secretary of state for war, and a party of officers in brilliant British uniforms, all of whom had been introduced before the American generals. The Americans were very favorably impressed with the appearance and manœuvres of the German soldiers.

New Election Law in Vermont

THE failure to elect a governor and lieutenant governor in Vermont last Tuesday, has started an agitation to have the present election laws of that State radically altered, so that the present system, which requires a candidate to get a majority of the entire vote cast, will be abolished. A number of towns have been left without representation in the legislature for the same reason that there was no choice for governor or lieutenant-governor. Vermont is one of the few States still clinging to the venerable majority system. Hitherto the State lawmakers have always resisted the advocates of a law similar to that in operation in Massachusetts and elsewhere.

Value of American Forests

A MEETING called for the laudable purpose of discussing means of saving the forests of the grand Presidential range from destruction, was recently held at Intervale, New Hampshire. Rev. Daniel Merriman acted as chairman, and introduced Mr. J. Rayner Edmonds, of Harvard University, who has for years been interested in developing points of

beauty, on the north side of the Presidential range. Mr. Edmonds advanced seven reasons, all of them good ones, why the woods of the White Mountains should be preserved, either by private generosity or public purchase. He was followed by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, after a reference to the fable of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, applied it to the course pursued by the American people toward their virgin forests. "When you ask," said Dr. Hale, "what has become of Tarsus and Antioch and Ephesus and the Holy Land itself, why their people are starving and they dependent on the rest of the world, the answer is that they stripped their mountains and hills."

British Labor Status

RECENT statistics show that for the first time in a half-dozen years the British wage-earners last year suffered a large net decrease of wages. The figures reveal that 430,000 workers had their gross pay increased \$205,000 a week, while 493,000 suffered a decrease aggregating \$590,000 a week. This makes a net weekly decrease of \$385,000. In the preceding year there was a net gain of \$1,045,000, and in the year before that a net gain of \$455,000. The percentage of strikes last year was the smallest on record, three-fourths of the disputes being settled by arbitration or otherwise. There was a slight net lessening of the hours of labor, but to say the least the situation is depressing. The two industries most affected are mining and metal working, but they are fundamental to all the rest.

Professor Rudolf Virchow

THE famous German pathologist, Professor Rudolf Virchow, who died in Berlin on Sept. 5, was born, Oct. 13, 1821, in Schivelbein, Pomerania, the son of a shopkeeper and small farmer. He was graduated as a physician at the age of twenty-one, but never practiced medicine to any great extent. As a director of pathologic and physiologic research into the absolute facts of nature, he had no superior. Although he earned a wide reputation by his investigations in ethnology, anthropology and archaeology, as master of ancient and modern languages, as a prolific author, and one of the most active political forces of Germany for more than fifty years, his greatest and most enduring fame is founded upon his discovery of the self-propagating power of the cells in animal tissue, which caused a revolution in medical science. His career as a patriotic politician is suggestive and interesting. In Berlin, as a member of the municipal council, he obtained adequate sewerage and a supply of pure water; started courses of popular lectures; edited a fine series of pamphlets popularizing science and learning, and worked in behalf of the schools, hospitals and museums. For many years he was a representative both in the Prussian Landtag and the German Reichstag, where he became a party leader, and a power in securing democratic legislation. Unlike many men of genius and world-wide celebrity, he lived to enjoy the honors he had gained, and in his old age he did naught to tarnish the glory of his early achievements. In October of last year, on his eightieth birthday, repre-

sentatives of the world's science met in Berlin to pay their respects to the venerable scientist. On this occasion the German Emperor presented him with the great gold medal for science, accompanied by a letter of gracious appreciation of his labors. His health began to fail a fortnight ago, and it was soon apparent that his end was near. He retained his faculties until the last, and passed away peacefully, while asleep, in the arms of his wife, and in the presence of his unmarried daughter and son, Prof. Hans Virchow.

Powder Magazine Explosion

A POWDER magazine in Fort Winthrop on Governor's Island, containing 12,000 pounds of mammoth black powder, exploded Sunday afternoon. One man is known to have been killed, five were injured, and several persons who were in the vicinity of the magazine before the disaster are missing. The exact cause of the explosion is not known.

State Election in Maine

A QUIET State election was held in Maine on Monday. The Republicans re-elected Governor Hill, and elected their entire delegation to Congress, every State senator except one, and four-fifths of the legislature. Interest centered chiefly in the election of sheriffs. Enforcement of the prohibitory law was the issue in many places. Charles S. Cummings, Republican and Prohibitionist, was chosen sheriff of Androscoggin County; A. H. Lang, Democrat and Prohibitionist, of Somerset; Democrats were chosen in Lincoln, Knox and Cumberland, and in the other counties the Republicans were victorious. In Cumberland, where Sheriff Pearson so rigidly enforced the prohibitory law, a Democrat, William M. Pennell, was elected for the first time in twenty years, much to the surprise of the entire county. His opponents were M. W. Trefethen, Republican, and Rev. A. S. Bisbee, Prohibitionist, over whom Mr. Pennell obtained a plurality of 1,910 votes.

President in the South

THE President and his party left Washington for the South on Friday, and have since rapidly traversed a large number of the Southern States. Enthusiastic crowds greet the chief executive at each stopping point. In his speeches he is placing the emphasis upon trusts, much as he did in New England. While at Chattanooga he visited the famous Chattanooga battlefield, and had the various points of interest pointed out to him by men who participated in the engagements. On Monday he attended the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in session in Chattanooga, was elected an honorary member, and made them an address in which he said, among other things: "I believe emphatically in organized labor. The worth of an organization depends upon its being handled with the courage, the skill, the wisdom, the spirit of fair dealing as between man and man and the wise self-restraint which I am glad to be able to say your brotherhood has shown. . . . I pity the creature who does not work, at

whichever end of the social scale he may regard himself as being."

Reforming the Criminal

REFORMATION is the watchword now in place of punishment in dealing with criminals. In olden times the State revenged itself upon the vicious lawbreaker by torturing him or taking his life. Now he is an object of humanitarian consideration, and penal institutions are becoming reformatories. The rigors of servitude are being lessened and various experiments for reclaiming the first offenders are being carried out. A strong and growing public sentiment sustains all that is being done in this direction. At the meeting of the National Prison Congress, which will be held in Philadelphia next Saturday and Sunday, this subject will have a large place in the program. The reports and discussions will take a wider scope than usual. Thirty or more of the conspicuous workers in the fields of penology and charity, both of which have now a science basis, will participate. Besides the direct work of reforming the convict, the experts will deal with a large number of other topics relating to society's treatment of the criminal and defective classes.

Archbishop Corrigan's Successor

ROMAN Catholics in New York city, who have been taking a deep interest in the selection of a successor to Archbishop Corrigan, appear to be well pleased over the selection of the Right Rev. John M. Farley, the auxiliary bishop of New York, who was appointed archbishop of that diocese last week by the Pope. There were some objections to him in the meeting of the Cardinals of the Propaganda which was convened to make the nomination, but they were overruled by Cardinal Satolli. The latter maintained, while there might be better men for the place, that, considering the vacancy and the situation in the archdiocese, together with the desire of the American clergy, no more satisfactory person could be found for the office. The new archbishop will not remove to the see house until he has been installed and invested with the pallium, the symbol of his office, which will probably not occur for two months.

Volcanoes Aflame

THE recent outbreaks of Mt. Pelée and La Soufrière are more terrible than the first eruptions, which caused so much devastation and loss of life. Mt. Pelée has been spouting a solid column of fire, which reached to an incredible height, and the old site of St. Pierre has been covered with mud. Two thousand people are reported to have been killed by this volcano since August 30. The inhabitants fear that the entire island is doomed to destruction, and many are deserting their homes and seeking safety elsewhere. La Soufrière has been in intermittent activity for two weeks. On Sept. 3 there was a terrific eruption, and the entire island of St. Vincent was enveloped in smoke and an electric cloud. Sand was thrown for a distance of ten miles, and the sea was slightly agitated.

DARKNESS

DARKNESS is nothing but absence of light. It is not a thing *per se*. All efforts to brush it away or drive it out are but folly. Light alone destroys darkness. There is no total darkness; even in the depths of the deep sea there is light. The remedy for ignorance, or intellectual darkness, is not abuse, but wisdom, or intellectual light. The remedy for sin, or spiritual darkness, is not self-denial, but the living Christ, the Light of the world. The moral darkness of this world is not total; even in the deepest depths are some faint light-glimmers.

CURSE OF GREED

THE stingy man is a despoiler of stinginess and a practiser of the same. You can sometimes flatter him into liberality, but it is only a spasm. The rich man's mite looks larger to him than the poor man's fortune. If the truth were known, we fear it would be found that shame fills more collection plates than liberality. Christians, with one accord, acknowledge that they owe their all to God; but they call those *beggars* who ask them for money for the Lord's work. It is not the purse, but the heart, which regulates contributions. The men who would give if they could, but don't give because they can't, are mostly self-deceived. They have the money, and know it. They have the miserliness, and don't know it.

HE SHALL NOT FAIL

THE Church of Christ has seen dark hours. Not without struggle does evil relax its grip upon our world, and there have been times when men have lost hope and despaired. Friends and foes have agreed that the Church must die, and they have prepared her grave-clothes, hewn out her tomb, and arranged for her funeral obsequies; but the Church still lives, while her traducers lie quietly sleeping and their graves have been forgotten for a thousand years. Men go forth to conquer or to die. The church goes forth to conquer. God is in the midst of her, her guide and her defence.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on."

EASE AND REST

EASE and rest are two different things. Rest is honorable; ease is inglorious. Rest is earned ease; ease is unearned rest. Of old the foolish man said to his soul, "Take thine ease," and today ease is the fool's paradise, and "taking things easy" his highest ideal of happiness. The wise man recognizes the value of rest, but he knows that happiness lies only in toil and in the rest that necessarily follows toil. Such rest is, at once, a reward of past labor and a preparation for future toil.

Rest is not necessarily cessation from toil, but is, perhaps, oftener found in change of labor. The "rest that remaineth for the people of God" is not to be

pictured as a state of torpor, but rather as one of intense activity, varied and pure, and utterly devoid of weariness and pain. Rest is God's balm for weariness, His reward for hardest toil. Toil is the Christian's birthright; weariness, his earthly portion; rest, his heavenly inheritance.

A FUNCTION NOT TO BE DESPISED

NO preacher can afford to depreciate, either in his secret thoughts or in his conversation and public utterances, the work of pastoral visitation. That work, no matter how it may rank relatively to the function of the pulpit, has always been recognized by the keenest judges as having a vital connection with the highest ministerial success, and the man who allows himself to speak or even to think slightly of it shows thereby that he lacks a vision of the noblest and most efficient ideals of his calling. Here is a man, for example, who says, almost in so many words: "I am a preacher, that and that alone. To do justice to my mission in that direction I must give myself wholly to it. My studies, my reading, my sermonizing, require all my time. I have none to spare for anything but pulpit preparation."

One might aptly rebuke the folly and conceit of such an utterance by suggesting that there have not been half a dozen pre-eminent pulpit geniuses in the past half-century who built their success on the method and practice above indicated. One man in Brooklyn tried it, and when his church was twice destroyed by fire his congregation dissolved into nothingness. Another example in that city might be held up, Mr. Beecher, as evidence that a great pulpit success might be achieved by a real genius without attention to the details and duties of pastoral administration, but for the fact that in his case the work in question was well performed by proxy. His people were shepherded and looked after in their homes by assistant pastors and lay workers. Spurgeon in London did not have much time for pastoral oversight in person, but he kept track of his great flock through sub-pastors. And if Joseph Parker is summoned as a witness it may be replied that he is a class by himself, with unique qualities not paralleled by any of his contemporaries, and that we must find at least another Parker before we can afford to generalize from his example.

But we hear another man say: "It seems to me a petty piece of business to go over a neighborhood taking a cup of tea and a dish of gossip from this old lady, and patting this dirty-faced child on the head, and inquiring after Uncle Ebenezer's rheumatism, and coddling everybody who has an ache, or a grievance, or a fit of the sulks, or an attack of indifference!"

There may be occasional experiences in the pastorate which almost justify the aforesaid putting of the case, but he must be either a blind or a perverted man who will claim that genuine pastoral visitation is justly described thereby. If a man does not accomplish more by visiting his people from house to house than simply to get better acquainted with them, he is doing a great work. To know in what

sort of homes his people live, and amid what kind of an environment their children are growing up; to learn the names of his young people and something about their recreations, temptations and educational opportunities; to get by personal observation at least a glimpse of the surroundings of the men of his congregation, in the store, the shop, the foundry, or the office, or on the farm where they are at work; to get into some sort of sympathetic contact with "folks" — surely this is a duty and a prerogative not to be foregone except for imperative reasons. Where is there such a field of human nature laid open for inspection; where are the secrets of the human soul so honestly yielded up; where are such opportunities afforded for the study of motive, ambition, sorrow, and sin as are to be found in the path of a skillful and devoted pastor? And can he fail to discover early in his ministry that the knowledge which comes to him in his sometimes irksome rounds — the knowledge of heavy burdens patiently borne, of secret sorrows eating out the life, of subtle and unsuspected temptations fraught with possibilities of moral disaster, of heroic fortitude in obscure corners — is at least of as much value to him as a sermonizer as the knowledge he gets from literature and theology, and that it often serves to illumine and clarify his studies in the Word of God?

The man who ignores and neglects this field of labor shuts himself out of a province where more knowledge of the human heart and of human needs is afforded than can be found in any other department of ministerial labor. To say the least, he ought not to sneer at it as of no account. That is an unpardonable offence.

Traits of E. L. Godkin, Editor

THE late editor of the New York *Evening Post*, E. L. Godkin, was interesting both as a man and a journalist. He was not a mere purveyor of news, although he fully appreciated the value of fresh and accurate information. Mere daily gossip in print did not in his estimation constitute the *summum bonum* of the newspaper. He lived and worked out his career in the editorial page, where he was pre-eminently successful in influencing the ideals and convictions of his readers. Several of his traits are sympathetically described in the *Century* by Joseph B. Bishop, his assistant for sixteen years, from whose article we make the following excerpts. In speaking of his equipment and ability, Mr. Bishop says:

"I do not think it will be disputed that he was the best and most widely educated man who has entered journalism in this country. As a 'great editor' he stands in a class by himself. No one would think of placing him in the same category with Greeley or Bennett or Raymond or Dana. As a purely intellectual man he ranked above them all."

Like most men of this type he detested sentimentalism of every kind. In his eyes it was a form of humbug that was enough to condemn it.

"He did not need Carlyle's injunction, 'First clear your mind of cant,' for the taint had never entered his. He had that perfect intellectual sanity and perfect intellectual integrity which stand revealed in the works of Huxley and Darwin, and more clearly still in the private letters of the two. What they sought, Mr. Godkin always sought with a zeal and determination that nothing could resist — the thought at the

bottom of every question which carried conviction with it. He was intensely eager to get the honest thought of other men, but the thought that he held to finally was the one that carried conviction to his own intellect. When he had decided upon that, it became the law and the gospel for him, and there was no power on earth capable of swerving him from his devotion to it. Other men might call him intolerant; he knew to the very depths of his soul that he was right."

Although a man of great independence of thought and action, he was as willing to listen to criticism of a subject of his own proposing as he was to assail a topic advanced by others. All he asked of his critic was perfect frankness and sincerity and the possession of a real idea.

"The *Evening Post*, under his editorship, was the home of that absolute intellectual freedom, intellectual courage, and intellectual honesty without which there can be no great newspaper. Every subject was discussed in the editorial council with a freedom of opinion that was simply unlimited. When the paper spoke, it uttered the combined view of the entire staff as it had been arrived at in the discussion. Sometimes, probably in a great majority of instances, the original view of Mr. Godkin was the one expressed, but often he had abandoned that for a different one brought forward by some one else. He had no pride of opinion, but, on the contrary, hailed with positive delight one that he recognized as superior to his own. He would fight for his own for all it was worth until convinced, and would fight at times with a good deal of human heat; but when the tussle was ended, even in his own defeat, there was not a trace of bitterness or injured vanity. Nothing was more intolerable to him than the modern conception of the intellectual side of a newspaper—the conception that has come in with the advent of commercial journalism—which looks upon the editorial page as the mere tender of the business side, its writers as so many hands in a factory, rather than as constituting the soul of the paper."

Verdict of the Vermont Election

COMPLETE returns from the 246 cities and towns of Vermont give the result of the gubernatorial vote as follows: Gen. John G. McCullough, Republican, 31,778; Felix W. McGettrick, Democrat, 7,280; Percival W. Clement, High License, 28,117; Joel O. Sherburn, Prohibition, 2,525. In 1901 the total vote of the State was: Stickney, Republican, 48,441; Senter, Democrat, 17,129; others, 1,529. Since a majority is necessary to elect, there has been no choice of governor and lieutenant-governor by the people, and the election will be thrown into the Legislature, which meets in October. The indications are that the McCullough Republicans will control by a fair majority. It is a very empty victory, however, scarcely a victory at all, for the straight Republican candidate, For Percival W. Clement, a bolting candidate, to prevent an election by the people in this staid Republican State, to receive as many votes as his rival within about 3,000, to carry his own city of Rutland by an unusually large majority, and to carry McCullough's town, Bennington, against him, indicates an unmistakable verdict.

Mr. Clement has demonstrated that he is an astute and winning leader, and that he fully understood the feeling throughout the State on pivotal issues. Mr. Clement must be reckoned with. It is evident that he is to dominate the politics of the State. He cannot be ignored, silenced, or ultimately beaten.

The Prohibitory Law is doomed. There can be no question as to the will of a majority of the people. They are tired, not so much of the law itself, as of its continued non-enforcement. So it was in Maine until the lamented Pearson showed that the law could be honestly and effectively enforced. Nothing has operated more damagingly

against the Prohibitory Law, as we have always claimed, than for Prohibitionists to assume that the law was enforced, when every intelligent and unprejudiced observer knew it was not. The people are tired of the shams, the hypocrisies, the political methods connected with the pretended enforcement of the law. We shall not be surprised if the law is repealed without the formality of a referendum. The people of Vermont have become wearied of "machine politics." So large and steady has been the Republican majority that to secure a nomination was equivalent to an election. That leads to a very demoralizing political condition anywhere, and it has proved to be so in Vermont. When any party can poll a majority of nearly 3 to 1, as the Republican Party has been accustomed to do in that State, machine methods in caucus and convention, of the worst type, are likely to find place.

This phenomenal political cyclone is likely to clear the air and compel more honest preliminary methods.

Dr. Bragdon's Character Sketch Becomes a Memoir

LITTLE did Dr. Bragdon think, when pressed by the editor to contribute to these columns a character sketch of Dr. Edward Eggleston, that he was writing a memoir of his long-time and greatly-beloved friend. But so it has proved, for since his article was put in type Edward Eggleston has gone to his abundant reward. But had Dr. Bragdon written after his death, could he have penned a tenderer or more worthy tribute? We can anticipate the impressive verdict of the multitude who will read with keen interest his revelation of his unique friend. What attestation can one man bear to another greater than this: "As I drove back through the dripping woods I felt uplifted and profoundly grateful that I had ever known and loved Edward Eggleston. Life is forever richer for his friendship." The photographs for the illustrations accompanying the article were made for this paper by Mary A. Havens, artist-photographer.

PERSONALS

—Dr. Herbert L. Willett has declined the invitation to succeed Dr. Frank Crane as pastor of People's Church, Chicago.

—The salary of Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, recently drowned in Korea, was continued by the Missionary Board for the remainder of the year to his widow.

—Rev. J. J. Rapp, a member of Rock River Conference, has been appointed instructor in Hebrew and Greek in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

—Rev. Herbert Welch, D. D., of New York East Conference, will deliver an address at the unveiling of the new Simpson window in City Road Chapel, London, in October.

—On the return of Dr. Matt S. Hughes, of Independence Ave. Church, Kansas City, from his vacation on a recent Sunday, the morning congregation welcomed him with the Chautauqua salute.

—Subscriptions are being taken to build a \$10,000 monument at Ocean Grove, N. J., to perpetuate the memory of Dr. E. L. Stokes, who was for a number of years the president of Ocean Grove Association.

—Bishop Moore will return by way of the new Siberian railroad and Europe, leaving China early in September, and reaching home in time for the great mis-

sionary convention in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 21-24. He is in excellent health, says the *California Advocate*, and in a letter to Bishop Hamilton says he wants to speak three times a day on missionary work.

—Rev. L. G. Horton, of County St. Church, New Bedford, is deeply bereaved in the death of his mother.

—Rev. A. P. Knell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., member of New York East Conference, called at this office on his way to spend a three weeks' vacation at Golden Ridge, Me.

—Rev. and Mrs. Dillon Bronson, of St. Mark's Church, Brookline, arrived in Boston on the "Commonwealth" last Friday, having spent the summer in Spain and Switzerland.

—The engagement is announced of Mr. Charles R. Magee, manager of the New England Methodist Book Depository, to Miss Anna Reese Ebbert, of Malden. Miss Ebbert is a former resident of Atlanta, Ga., but has made her home in recent years at the Centre Church parsonage with her sister, Mrs. E. H. Hughes.

—Rev. Mauley S. Hard, D. D., expects to represent the Board of Church Extension at the following Conferences: Wisconsin, Northwest Indiana, Central Illinois, Indiana, East Ohio, Southern Illinois, Genesee, West Virginia, Central New York, Rock River, Blue Ridge, and may be at several others.

—Hon. Annis Merrill, one of the earliest graduates of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., a pioneer of California Methodism, for many years a member of the board of trustees of the University of the Pacific, now in his ninety-second year, takes a "constitutional" in the Golden Gate Park every week on his bicycle.

—Rev. William B. Osborn, a minister of our church residing at Hackettstown, N. J., and one of the founders of Ocean Grove, was struck by a railway train in West Virginia, and carried, unconscious, for six miles on the pilot of the engine. He was bruised about the head, body and legs. He lived several days, and died Sept. 5, aged 70 years.

—Rev. E. H. Hughes writes from Berlin that he arrived in that city on Aug. 23, and is spending a week with one of his parishioners, Mr. Louis J. Magee, now residing there. On August 24 he preached in the American Church. His trip up to date has been free from accident or detention, and he speaks enthusiastically of his experiences in the cities he has visited. He is expected home on Oct. 3.

—Six of the most prominent college presidents in the country have accepted invitations to attend the ceremonies at the installation of President Edmund J. James, of Northwestern University, in October. They are Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale; James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins; William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California; and Silas Northrup, of the University of Minnesota.

—A letter from Rev. Frederick Brown, written at Chetoo, China, under date of August 2, states: "Bishop Moore left me last night on board the Russian Siberian Railway steamer for home in good health and spirits. The United States fleet is now in the harbor, and Chaplain Charlton, of the 'Kentucky,' came ashore to invite the Bishop and myself to dinner and to preach; but this was impossible. Tomorrow I hope to preach for them on board. Chaplain Charlton is a fine young man, and has a real interest in the spiritual welfare of his men. It has been a great pleasure to meet

him here. He is a member of Vermont Conference.

—The trustees of Ohio Wesleyan University have elected Dr. John Wesley Rice to the chair of New Testament Greek to succeed Dr. William G. Williams, who died last January, after filling the chair for fifty-three consecutive years.

—Bishop C. C. McCabe, writing from Denmark, says: "It has been a joy to me to see this magnificent work in Europe. Great audiences greet us in every city. I preached to 2,000 people in the City Hall in Stuttgart. The love-feast filled the hall again in the afternoon."

—Miss L. Ruth Clarke, the daughter of Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, of Lowell, who graduated from Boston University College of Liberal Arts in June, has accepted a position to teach in Northfield Seminary for the coming year. The fall term opens Sept. 10.

—Rev. Charles Howard Taylor, the successful and popular pastor of our church at Cotuit, was married, Wednesday evening, Sept. 3, to Miss Alice Fisher, of Cotuit. The church at Cotuit was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the marriage was witnessed by a large company of friends of the bride and groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Geo. S. Butters, of Somerville.

—Rev. Richard Povey, of Uncasville, Conn., writes under date of Sept. 6: "There are in my Conference three or four trumpeters who are ever and anon crying out, 'Povey is sick,' 'Povey is sick,' 'He thinks he is not sick, but he is.' Such cries, or trumpet-blasts, are not helpful to me. For the satisfying of my brethren, and in opposition to these trumpet-blasts, I desire to say with emphasis, 'Povey is not sick.'"

—A square in the city of Salem has been named "Moody Square," in honor of Hon. William H. Moody, the Secretary of the Navy, who was formerly a resident of Salem and a pupil in the Pickering Grammar School. This is a deserved tribute to a man who represents one of the best types of modern American politicians, or let us say statesmen, whose appointment was a distinct credit to the Roosevelt administration.

—Alluding to the itinerant activities of Bishop Hamilton, the *California Christian Advocate* says: "It is not too much to say that he carries with him the gratitude and good-will of California from San Diego to the Oregon line. In the short six weeks of his last visit to his home in California, he has made addresses, preached, dedicated churches, and literally traveled from one end of the State to the other. He not only goes everywhere, but gets hold of details. The people know him, and he knows the people and their problems. He is qualified to speak for California at first hand."

—Miss Martha E. Vickery, of Crandon Institute, Rome, Italy, sailed from Boston, on the "Vancouver," Saturday, Sept. 6. Accompanying her were Miss Laura E. Beazell, who returns to teach in the Girls' Home School on Via Garibaldi, Rome; Miss Alice Llewellyn, who will assist in the work at the Institute; and the daughter of Dr. C. E. Bacon, of Indianapolis, who will study music and Italian there. Miss Edith T. Swift, of Newtonville, sailed on the same steamer. She goes out as an English teacher in Crandon Institute for one year, her expenses and support being guaranteed by Miss Vickery.

—On Aug. 26, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Unity, Me., in the presence of a few immediate friends and relatives, and surrounded by abounding tokens of love and esteem, Rev. Willis Augustin Luce and Miss Fannie Burdett Abbott were

united in marriage by the presiding elder of Rockland District, Rev. Thomas F. Jones. Rev. Mr. Luce is known and loved by every member of the East Maine Conference. The bride is a niece of Bishop E. G. Andrews, an accomplished lady who has held the position of superintendent of the Maine Children's Home Society. Mr. and Mrs. Luce will spend a few weeks at Northport camp-ground before resuming pastoral work on Unity circuit.

—Rev. O. S. Baketel, D. D., of Concord District, New Hampshire Conference, has just closed his last camp-meeting as a presiding elder. In these years he has conducted 29 such meetings. And it is only a just commendation to add that he has carried on these growingly difficult meetings with remarkable success.

BRIEFLETS

If prayer does not humble, it cannot exalt.

The General Missionary Committee will meet in Trinity Church, Albany, N. Y., Wednesday, Nov. 12.

At a special meeting of the executive committee of the University of Denver, held recently in Denver, Bishop Warren offered to raise an additional \$5,000 of the University debt on condition that the debt be paid immediately. This makes a total of \$60,000 promised by Bishop and Mrs. Warren.

As it was the golden wedding of Rev. Samuel E. Howe and his wife, the typographical error in the date of their marriage fifty years ago, which appeared in our report last week, would be quickly rectified in the mind of the reader as 1852.

Jesus came in the "fullness of time," the old Book says. That is when time was ripe and mellow, like an apple on its twig ready to fall to the greensward below. And in the fullness of time Jesus comes to each of us personally in His life-giving power. "The darkest hour is just before day." In our darkest hour, when hope seemed to die in our hearts and despair was about to fold her black wings about our trembling souls, Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness, came with healing in His wings. Then the night of our sin and gloom burst into the morning of triumphant gladness.

Wealth is not always the measure of power. Many a rich man has signal ability, and many a poor man is a fool. But this does not follow as a matter of course. The wealth-making power is not always sheer ability. Wealth is often the result of mere doggedness and determined continuity. When a man gives all his waking thoughts and nightly dreams as well to the piling of dollars, it would be strange if he did not succeed in making a stack of them. A dainty young society man was asked how he managed to create such exquisite knots in his silken cravat. His answer was: "My dear fellow, I put my whole heart in it." When a man can forget his fellows and put his whole heart in the chase for wealth, he is likely to get some of it.

A pathetic incident connected with the accident to President Roosevelt and party near Pittsfield the other day was the fact that Secret Service Agent Craig, a big, burly official who was seated by the driver on the box of the barouche when it was struck by the trolley car, when he saw the car rushing down on the carriage, turned in his seat and instinctively shot out his strong arm as

it to stretch it over the President beneath and thereby hold the heavy trolley car off. In the opinion of Governor Crane, the lives of the President and of the Governor were saved only by the circumstance that Detective Craig was thrown first from the carriage and under the wheels of the electric car, the speed of which was much checked by this obstacle. If this is a correct opinion, the detective, although not by an act of will, really gave his life to save the President, as it would have been his duty to do under conditions where he could have determined deliberately his course, and as it is altogether probable he would have done without hesitation.

When a man gets to the end of his tether, that need not necessarily be the end of him. The tether is useful to conduct a man back to the point from which he started. It is a wrong use of tethers to get hanged by them.

Unless gratitude to God warms the heart toward brother men, it is nothing but a selfish sentiment.

The opening exercises of B. U. School of Theology will take place in the chapel on Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 10.30 A. M., at which time the annual address will be given by a member of the faculty, and very important announcements made concerning the work of the year. All candidates for admission and all members of the school are expected to be present.

In our utilitarian age are we not in some slight danger of sacrificing the definitely spiritual in order to pad and keep up civic, patriotic and moral life? While the Christian man is not to be an ascetic or mystic, and while he belongs to society and should give himself to the service of his fellows, yet it must come about through his vital spiritual life, because of his living connection with God. Not long since we heard a man say that he did not care much about a man's religious theories or profession provided he was a good citizen. Many think that a man should attend the house of God and hear the Sunday messages in order to get correct ideas as a basis of moral conduct, that the high moral principles of the Old Book may be wrought into his fibre; and yet they forget that the divine life must be in a man in order that these great moral principles of the Bible may fit him. "Christ in you the hope of glory" is at the bottom of all noble life, patriotic or moral. Sitting down three times a day to a well-appointed table, resplendent in damask and gleaming with china, glass and silver, will not make us strong if we do not partake of the nourishing food spread out before us.

The *Central* says: "Dr. Homer C. Stuntz has just received a donation of \$1,000 to purchase a printing press for use in Manila. The donor resides in Kansas, but stipulates that his name shall not be mentioned."

It is said that when the motorman of the trolley car that ran into the President's carriage near Pittsfield was asked why he was running the car at such a rate, he replied, quite seriously: "Because I had the right of way." It is time that here in America rights of way were settled more thoughtfully and equitably. Because a man or a machine moves fast and furiously, it does not follow that all things must give way before the oncoming. There are more rights of way than one. No one man or class of men has a monopoly of the routes of public transit. The same rule should hold good in commercial, professional and social life. Let rights and du-

ties — and a duty is always the obverse side of a right — be defined precisely, justly, and generally. The Jehu style of run and ruin tactics will not do. Christianity is inevitably because intrinsically opposed to all this trampling or tearing business. The Christian "right of way" — the right of justice and the way of love — must and will prevail more and more as time goes on.

Faith can never be helped by argument. If it could, it would no longer be faith.

The New England Conference Temperance Society will hold two meetings in Bromfield St. Church on Monday, Sept. 22. The afternoon meeting, at 2.30, will be addressed by Rev. Alfred Noon, Ph. D., and Hon. M. J. Fanning, superintendent of the Massachusetts Anti-Saloon League. In the evening the address will be given by Rev. Dr. C. H. Mead, of New York. The effort of the committee on Temperance deserves the hearty support of our people in this vicinity, and should receive it. It will be seen that able speakers are provided. Let there be a large attendance at both meetings.

A New England paper, commenting on the free though reverent use of Scripture in the speeches of President Roosevelt, remarks that probably many of his auditors have been at a loss to understand his Biblical allusions, and adds that some years ago such would not have been the case, as in those days any apt allusion by a speaker to Scriptural incidents or phrases was instantly appreciated by the audience. It is to be feared that there is but too much truth in this criticism. Many "well read" people would not at all like to have their ignorance of the Bible unearthed. Knowledge of the English Bible is certainly essential to the education of any American or Englishman. Not to know the Bible is sheer illiteracy. Parents and teachers should make sure that children have a good grounding in the English Scriptures.

Excitability is not devotion. The church of today has pretty thoroughly outgrown that delusion.

People sometimes think that they are serving God by doing gratuitously work that commands a legitimate market price. More often they are taking bread out of the mouth of the needy worker, whose only resource is his wage for that very task. The modern gratuitous workman is an exceedingly troublesome factor in social economics.

How well-nigh impossible is self-analysis! One cannot get sufficiently outside himself to secure an objective standpoint; and there can be no analysis from within.

"There is no greater need than a properly kept Sabbath. The repeal of the Sabbath law in 1884 by the California Legislature has given this State a reputation that has been of irreparable damage. The citizenship of this State owes it to itself that a Sabbath law be re-enacted" — so says the *California Advocate*.

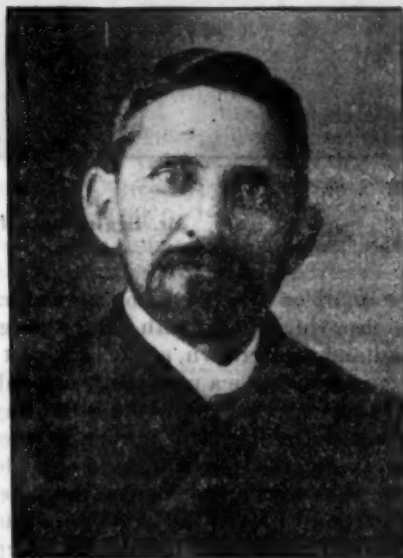
Some grievous complaints reach this office concerning the quality of the supplies furnished by our churches during the vacation, "especially where the Methodist Church united with others." It is stated in one instance that "The Methodist minister was a wretched preacher. To make such an exhibition of Methodism before representatives of the leading churches, is to disgrace our church when it should have been exalted." We sympathize with the protest of this intelligent layman. For a

committee to deliberately secure an inadequate supply for a union service is worse than a blunder. For many years we have earnestly tried to protect our churches from such lamentable experiences, urging that the best ministers available should be secured early in the season. To help our churches we have cheerfully turned this office practically into a bureau of supply for vacation, involving not a little time, correspondence, and personal attention.

We learn from the *Epworth Herald* that "The committee to co-operate with the other branches of Methodism on general arrangements and program for the next International Epworth League Convention has been appointed as follows: W. W. Cooper, J. W. Bashford, R. S. Copeland, Ward Platt, and J. F. Berry. The first meeting of the joint committee will probably be held in September."

New Presiding Elder of New Bedford District

REV. WILLIAM IRVING WARD, pastor of First Methodist Episcopal Church, Fall River, has been appointed presiding elder of New Bedford District by Bishop Merrill, to succeed Rev. Dr. S. O. Benton, recently elected recording secretary of the Missionary Society. Mr. Ward



REV. W. I. WARD

was born in Acushnet, Nov. 3, 1857, of a long line of devoted Methodists. At the age of thirteen he was converted and united with the church, and when seventeen was licensed to preach, having preached his first sermon in his home church previous to reaching his seventeenth birthday. His schooling was received in the district schools, Wilbraham Academy, and the high schools of Fairhaven and New Bedford, graduating from the last. He also spent two years in the Theological School of Boston University. Since entering the itinerancy he has been an industrious student. He has a logical mind, is a clear thinker, an able preacher, and superior in executive ability. As a debater on the Conference floor he ranks high. For more than seventeen years he has been secretary of the Conference Board of Home Missions, and is now secretary of the Yarmouth Camp-meeting Association. Upon merit he has risen rapidly in recent years to his present responsible position. That he will conscientiously and earnestly devote all his powers to the duties of his new position can be questioned by no one who knows him. He has decided to reside in Fall River, and will enter at once upon caring for the district, in which he will find the

cordial support of the loyal ministers and churches. Dr. Benton, in referring to this appointment, says: "I am sure the selection will command the approval of the district, and indeed of the whole Conference."

Trend Toward Socialism

IN the midst of the furious conflict between capital and labor there are indications of a mighty and irresistible evolution toward an industrial socialism in which strikes will be impossible because each worker will in a certain sense be in business for himself in co-operation rather than in competition with other men. The very organizations which now face each other like hostile armies and occasionally grapple in destructive economic warfare are unconsciously and unintentionally working toward the realization of that end. Capital, by combining, has increased its power to economize; and labor, by organizing, is able to enforce a demand for a fair share of the profits produced by the joint operations of capital and labor. The struggle now is over the control of the business. The capital assumes the attitude of a master toward labor, which labor resents. Labor in turn, in its organized form, has attempted to make a servant of the capitalist. Neither should be the servant of the other. Co-operation as between equals is the true relation, each one rendering an indispensable service.

With the passing of the old idea of master and slave, or employer and employee, will come the era of co-operation or partnership. There is much thinking along this line now. Profit-sharing, as has been introduced in many of the manufacturing and mercantile concerns of the country, is based upon this principle. Another hopeful indication is the increasing willingness of capitalists to deal with labor leaders the same as they would with fellow capitalists. Universities and the periodical press have given so much attention in the last decade to economics and sociology that the masses of the people now more than ever realize the folly of the estrangement between the wealth-producing factors of society. Each conflict serves to arouse an enlightened and growing public sentiment which finds expression on the platform, in the pulpit, and in the press against such a waste of energy and productive power, which could be forever eliminated by the universal acceptance of the co-operative principle. The educational forces at work now are greatly augmenting this sentiment, and in the course of time — possibly sooner than most of us expect — an intelligent public opinion will settle the difficulties between the capitalist and the so-called wage-earner on a lasting and equitable basis.

A writer on this subject in one of the magazines says: "If it took ten thousand years for men to pass from a state of mind expressed thus, 'All I have is mine, and all you have is mine,' to 'All I have is mine, and all you have is yours,' it may take another ten thousand years to prepare the world to say, 'All you have is yours, and all I have is yours to serve you in the highest things.'" Civilization is moving faster each year. We are almost compressing centuries into decades now, and it may not require so long a time as this writer thinks for humanity to reach the state of mind essential to a complete realization of a rational socialistic ideal. The same writer says: "Ethnology teaches that the race began in selfishness; history proves that the world has been going from selfishness to service. The present generation is witness to the truth that the movement toward altruism is still in progress" — for which we should all be devoutly thankful.

EDWARD EGGLESTON AT HOME

CHARLES C. BRAGDON, LL. D.

ON a little shelf of lawn sloping to the water's edge, among the heavy timber of the southeast corner of Lake George, is a group of buildings, two of gray stone, two or three of wood, which from May to October shelter the "Happy Families" of the Egglestons.

One of the stone buildings is

Edward Eggleston's Library,

where he has done much of the work which has given him so strong a name among our beloved American authors. Of this building Mr. Eggleston says: "I told the architect I wanted it about so large, and to be as unlike the conventional schoolhouse as he could make it." The architect has done his work well. Vines climb over the outside, but cover no windows; seven thousand valuable books cover the inside of the solid walls. A great fireplace in the centre of the room tells of the comfort and homeliness of blazing logs, and makes it seem like a real living room, as it actually is. A large window on the north gives the eye rest and comfort over the grassy slope and out over the water to and up the hills beyond the bay. Near it are the desk and chair where our preacher-teacher-editor-novelist-historian has written so well for two generations. "Two?" No, for many. For Mr. Eggleston does not dictate. He has written all his manuscripts with his own hand. "I can't think so well unless I hold the pen myself—my best thoughts always come to me as I write." Some day those pens and inkstands will be sought, but they will not be found, for he is not one who thinks of himself. He is too modest for a conventional author. Edward Eggleston cannot pose, is utterly unaffected and simple, and as far from self-consciousness as a child. And that is one of his greatest charms; for he has always been a most charming man to his friends—one is always happier as well as richer and truer for a talk with him.

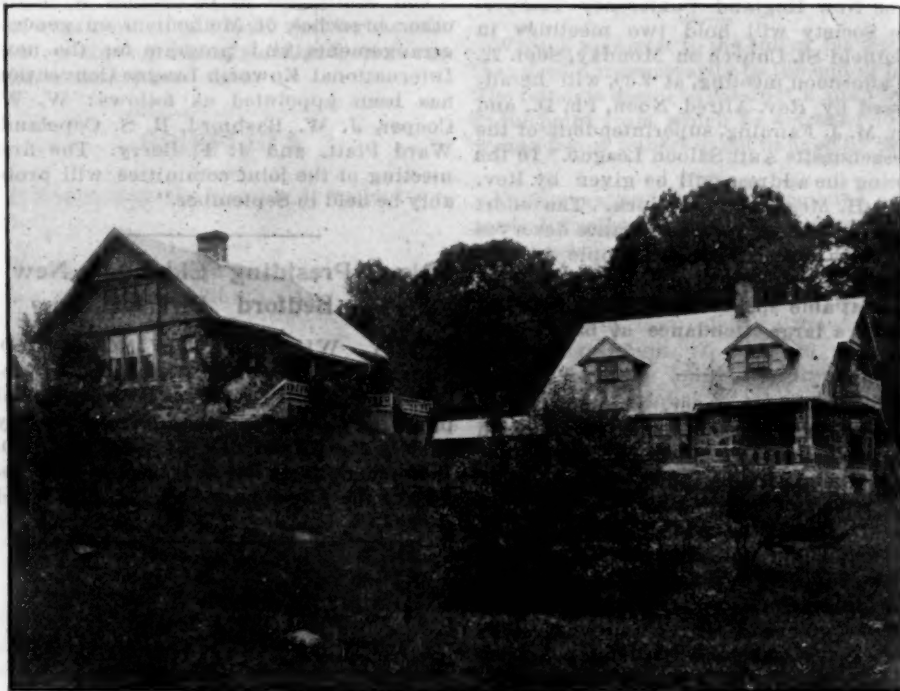
On a characteristically "lovely" July-1902 day, cloudy, lowering, damp, threatening, I found myself wandering around Caldwell, where the steamer ride up Lake George begins, wondering how I could get to Joshua's Rock, which was up to that hour only the post-office address of a dear friend. Since that day it is an ever-green memory of a home.

Of the odd name Dr. Eggleston says: "Joshua's Rock got its name from a noted old trapper about whom there were a great many legends. Before we built there, it was used as a picnic ground. When we went there, in 1881, the region had been unoccupied for many years. In building my library chimney I put in bricks from an old house that had stood there—small, flat bricks of ancient make. In digging the cellar for the library we found rude stone implements, and with them fragments of human bones."

I found the only access to Dr. Eggleston's home was by a five-mile drive through the woods along the lake shore. "Isn't there any public conveyance?" "Yes, the stage will go up there about four or half past." "How does Mr.

Eggleston get back and forth?" "Oh, he drives!" "Then I'll drive." It was a peacemaker—that drive. If I had brought any anxiety as to stocks and bonds (to which a poor school-teacher is professionally a stranger), or the next election, it would have gone off into the solemn company of the oaks and beeches and pines, and have troubled me no more. Here and there the mountain brooks were tubbed or hollow-logged for

school lessons (which later developed into the International Sunday-school lessons), he lived in Evanston, Ill., and was superintendent of the Sunday-school (there was then but one church and one Sunday-school for the village), and they were happy who worked under him or listened to him as he tried his lessons on us. For, "I try every lesson before it goes into the Teacher on my children, and then on the Sunday-school, and I change it as I see



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Mr. Eggleston's Home — "Owl's Nest"

LIBRARY

the comfort of the passer-by; occasionally a decaying house, with outbuildings unused and weed-grown, spoke of a past; and once in a while a used path of modern footing could be followed a little way among the trees to some spruce cottages of the summer sort which could or could not be seen along the edge of the lake. By the time I turned the shabby rig into the side road which led toward the group of buildings I was well saturated with the charm of the surroundings and the "remove" of the isolation of the place, so grateful to one who wants to think. Has any great thinking ever been done in a city full of bricks and mortar? The writing—yes; but the thinking—no.

A warm welcome greeted the old friend, and reminiscences were promptly in order. When I saw the same warm smile illumine the familiar features, I knew the

Same Old Great-Heart

still abode in the stalwart frame. For though it has fought a life-long battle with inherited tendencies, stalwart is still the word. To me Edward Eggleston's smile is one of his rare physical peculiarities. Some men smile with lip, some with mouth, some with lip and eye; but Mr. Eggleston's smile lights up the whole of the upper part of him. Everything smiles, and the day and the room are brighter all around. You don't see Edward Eggleston unless you see him smile. I am sorry the pictures don't give that.

In the early days when Mr. Eggleston, as editor of the *National Sunday School Teacher* of Chicago, was working out his own original idea of National Sunday-

SLEEPING ROOM

how it works or doesn't work!" Another discriminating friend writes me of this part of his life: "Edward Eggleston had a most lasting and valuable influence in early Evanston. He built a school-room in his yard and gave an object lesson in the training of his children. He was an ideal Sunday-school superintendent. He was in sympathy with boys' life, and those usually not amenable to Sunday-school were delighted. He gave them an evening at his home during the week, and the number increased to a hundred or more. He could get hold of boys through themselves as I never knew any one else to do, and for their immediate and practical good. He had an insight, and charm, and influence for all who knew him. We were so far from them, and my own life at the time so overburdened, that I saw little of them; do not think I met his wife, but I felt the influence which he had in the community, and saw him in the Sunday-school."

It was hard to realize, as we quietly talked over old times and friends, what this man had gone through, or by what

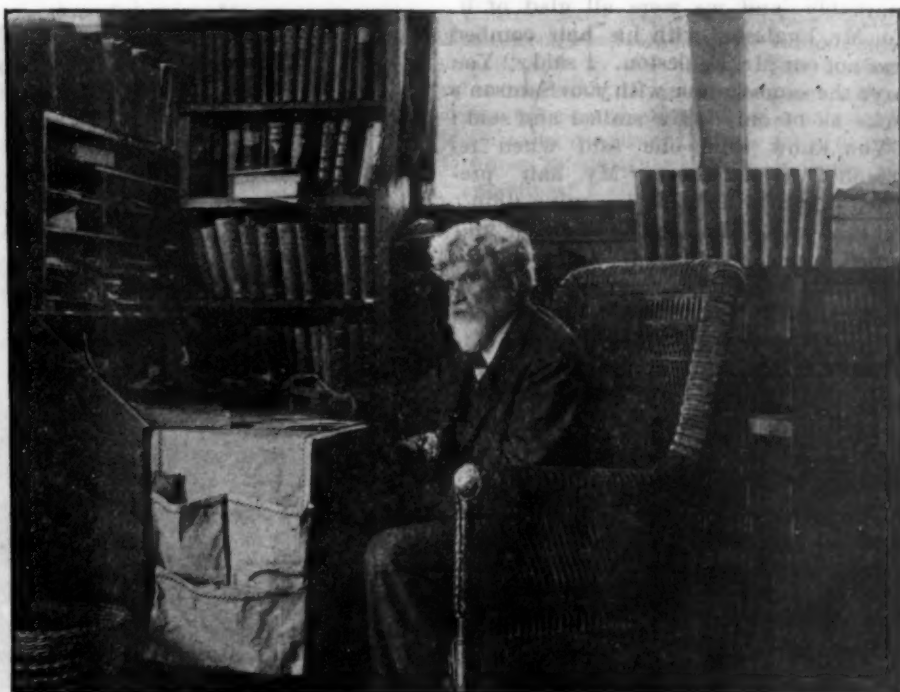
Dogged Pluck

he had come to his crown. He is only sixty-five, and looks good for thirty years more, but enough strenuousness has been put into those years to make a dozen Roosevelts. Hoosier born, he was a country lad when country life had far more fun in it than now; village boy when village life was still quaint and natural, giving him material which later took form in "Roxy" and "The Hoosier Schoolboy;" backwoods youth at an

age when frontier life was much as he has pictured it in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster;" transplanted to a Virginia plantation where he learned to hate slavery and so "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter" when his childless uncle wished to adopt him and educate him at the University of Virginia. Forced by illness to give up school (his whole attendance at school after ten years of age did not exceed eighteen months), he was sent to Minnesota, where he threw himself into the roughest frontier life and engaged in surveying as chain-carrier, breaking land with three yoke of oxen, and so built up his health that he took a walking trip to Kansas to engage in the bloody struggles then in progress there. Finding that as a Free State boy he could not enter Kansas from the north, he veered eastward and reached his friends in Indiana after a walk of 365 miles and many adventures. When not yet nineteen years old, despairing of a college education, he began to travel a "ten hole" Methodist circuit in southeast Indiana, doing most of his reading in the saddle. Once more in a state of physical collapse, he transferred to Minnesota and preached to whites and Indians, travelling on foot in winter and summer, shod in Indian moccasins and so recuperating. He was soon wanted in larger towns, and before he was twenty-one he was stationed in St. Paul, later in various cities. Whatever he did, he carried on a wide course of reading in several languages, and practiced writing. Forced by ill health to give up the ministry, he became assistant to the editor — himself the real editor — of the *Little Corporal* in Chicago, the *Youth's Companion* of the West; then editor of the *National Sunday School Teacher* (being at same time Western correspondent of the *Independent* under the name of "Penholder"), then literary ed-

weeks, quadrupling the circulation of the paper and establishing his fame as a novelist. This book was at once published (pirated) in England and translated into French, German and Danish. At the close of 1872 he withdrew from journalism to give himself wholly to literary work. For five years, however, from 1874, tempt-

history of life in the United States, which he has developed in books under the titles of "Life in the Colonial Period," "A History of the United States and its People," "The Household History of the United States and its People," "A First Book in American History," "The Beginnings of a Nation," "The Transit o



Edward Eggleston

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At the Desk where Most of his Work has been Done

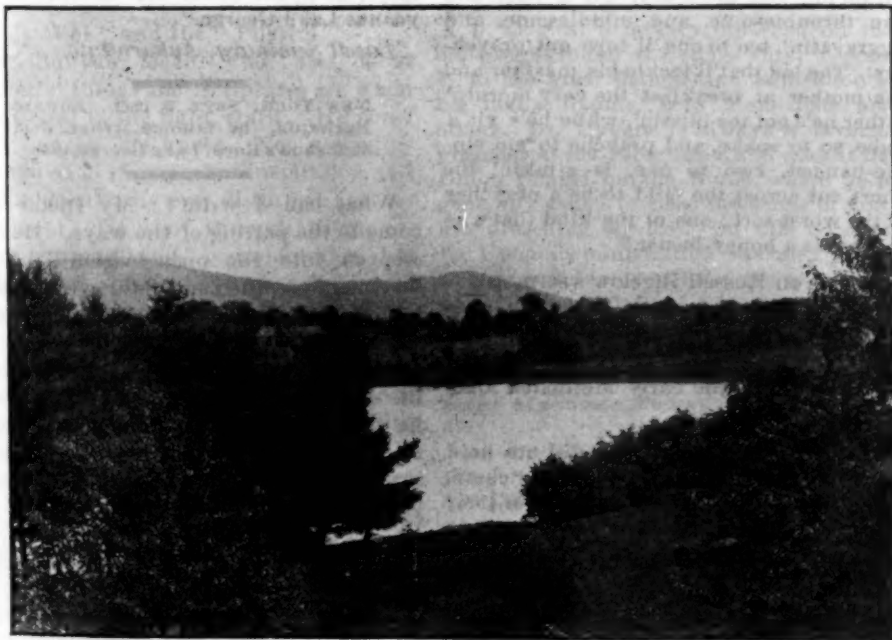
ed by the congeniality of its ideals, he was pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn, which was a dignified equivalent for "The Church of the Best Licks" in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Coming, through the fearful though loving labors of this church of no creed but "Love thy neighbor as thyself,"

Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century." His other books are: "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick," "Book of Queer Stories," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End of the World," "The Mystery of Metropolisville," "The Circuit Rider," "The Schoolmaster's Stories for Boys and Girls," "Roxy," "The Hoosier Schoolboy," "Queer Stories for Boys and Girls," "The Graysons," "The Faith Doctor," "Duffells."

The famous American Indian series, owing to his illness, has been almost wholly written by his daughter and collaborator, Mrs. Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, who lives near (as does also his well-known brother, George Cary Eggleston), author of "The Story of Washington," "The Story of Columbus," "The Life of Tecumseh," "The Life of Pocahontas," "The Life of Brant and Red Jacket," "The Life of Montezuma," etc.

When I began this sketch I intended no review of Mr Eggleston's life and work, for which I am not at all competent, but only a grateful remembrance of this late visit which was rich beyond my poor telling. But the sum of what he has done, under his life-long physical handicap, seems to me so wonderful that I hope the reading of it may encourage some boys of today to fight harder to bring out the best that is in them. If any man has ever "fought a good fight" against odds and has come off conspicuously victorious, it is Edward Eggleston. And if any man in our broad land bears so notable success so modestly it has not been my good fortune to know him.

As we talked Mrs. Eggleston came with a brush to render somewhat more conventional his magnificently abundant iron-gray hair. I was reminded of what we used to say in Evanston when that same



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View from the Library Window

itor of the *Independent*, and in the next year succeeded Theodore Tilton as editor-in-chief. Leaving the *Independent* on account of a radical difference of opinion between him and the proprietor regarding the principles on which the paper should be conducted, he became editor of the *Hearth and Home*, for which he wrote his "Hoosier Schoolmaster" in ten

to a state of nervous prostration, he withdrew finally from the ministry and entered upon his

Long-desired Life-work as Historian.

Indeed, all his novels are historical in manner, showing his natural bent. His chosen field, as every one knows, is not the history of the United States, but the

unruly lion's head seemed somewhat less rough than usual as he sat in his front pew in the Amen Corner: "Mr. Eggleston's wife has been trying to brush his hair." It was understood that one of his Sunday trials was that same attempt to reduce that wonderful glory of hair to a Sunday basis. But it never succeeded remarkably, and we were all glad of it. For Mr. Eggleston with his hair combed was not our Mr. Eggleston. I said, "You have the same trouble with your Samson's locks as of old." He smiled and said: "You know some one said when reproached for baldness, 'My hair preferred death to dishonor'—mine didn't feel that way. It chose the dishonor and turned white, but stayed." His friends love that same unruly crown of glory. Surely here it is "found in the ways of righteousness."

Dear old friend of a perennial youth, what comfort and inspiration you have been to multitudes you will never realize! But many will rise up and call you blessed. I am one of these.

As I drove back through the dripping woods I felt uplifted and profoundly grateful that I had ever known and loved Edward Eggleston. Life is forever richer for his friendship.

The flavor of

Dr. Eggleston's Quaint Philosophy

in putting things may be tasted in a few extracts from the "Circuit Rider." This brief summing up of the Old Side Presbyterian reasoning:

"As for Methodists, they denied 'the Decrees.' What was that but a denial of salvation by grace? And this involved the overthrow of the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith. *This is rather the mental process by which the parson landed himself at his conclusions, than his way of stating them to his hearers.* In preaching he did not find it necessary to say that a denial of the decrees logically involved the rest. He translated his conclusions into a statement of fact, and boldly asserted that these crazy, illiterate, noisy, vagabond circuit-riders were traitors to Protestantism, denying the doctrine of justification, and teaching salvation by the merit of works."

And this dab at Universalism:

"And then he added something about hell and damnation. These two last words had no grammatical relation with the rest of his speech; but in the mind of Morton Goodwin they had very logical relations with Captain Lumsden and the subject under discussion. *Nobody is quite a Universalist in moments of indignation. Every man keeps a private and select perdition for the objects of his wrath.*"

Or this rendering of an anxious state of mind:

"And as each day failed to see any evil result from the anger of his powerful neighbor, or to bring any tidings of disaster to Morton, Job Goodwin faithfully carried forward the dark foreboding with compound interest to the next day."

Or this on Dr. Magruder's praying:

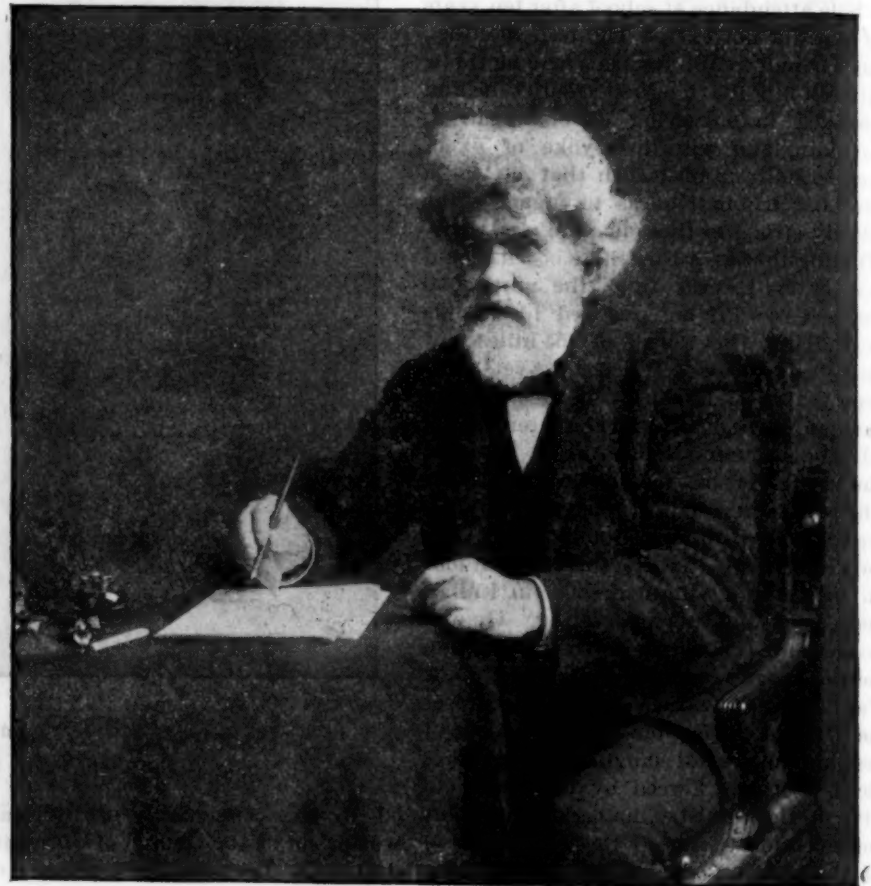
"He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubted assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unforgiven hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction: and for immediate, practical purposes, *one Tishbite Elijah, that can*

thunder out of a heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologies."

Or Brady's idea of how preachers are made:

"Now, Moirton, I'll tell ye the symptoms of a praycher among the Mithodists. Those that take it aisy, and

from May until October. New York has been his winter home until recently, when his health has obliged him to go farther south for most of the colder season. His writing has been divided between New York and Lake George, though he has always regarded his library as his best working place, because of the quiet and the collection here of books which he most needed



Edward Eggleston

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At his Work in New York

don't bother a body, you needn't be afraid of. But those that git it bad, and are throublesome, and middlesome, and aggravatin', ten to one 'll turn out praychers. The lad that'll tackle his mather and his mother at breakfast the very mornin' after he's got the blissin', while he's yit a babe, so to spake, and prayche to 'em single-handed, two to one, is a-takin' the short cut across the faild to be a praycher of the worst sort; one of the kind that's as thorny as a honey-locust."

Or this on Russell Bigelow's sermon:

"For none but the manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ."

Or this about the early Methodist love-feast:

"No one was admitted who did not hold a ticket, and even of those who had tickets, some were turned away on account of their naughty curls, their sinful 'artificials,' or their wicked earrings."

Or this conclusion out of his own heart after the description of the love-feast:

"Of course, you, sitting out of the atmosphere of it and judgin' coldly, laugh at this indecorous fervor. Perhaps it is just as well to laugh, but for my part I cannot. I know too well how deep and vital were the emotions out of which came these utterances of simple and earnest hearts. *I find it hard to get over an early prejudice that piety is of more consequence than propriety.*"

Of his working habits Mrs. Seelye says:

"My father usually lives on Lake George

for his work. Formerly, when he wrote more, he spent about six months of the year at Lake George."

Lasell Seminary, Auburndale.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 3, 1902. Edward Eggleston, the famous writer, died at Joshua's Rock, Lake George, today.

What can I write? My friend has come to the parting of the ways. He has stepped into the open vision! None worthier ever lifted surprised eyes at hearing the Master's "Well done." None worthier!

When I visited him I felt he was near life's Commencement Day. Some words he dropped made me know he thought so, too. But I put nothing of this into my little sketch (already in type when the news came) because I thought he would not like it. He was not one to forebode or fear. He liked cheer and cheery people, as he himself was cheeriest of all.

"I shall not write any more," he said, confidently, quietly, as one would say, "I shall dine at six." Heaven's atmosphere is love. Edward Eggleston has so long lived in that atmosphere that heaven is as his native air. And he has breathed it out as well as in. What a father he has been—what a husband! The Master has crowned him, and no one has ever been more astonished to find his crown so filled with jewels. For his very life was—not "had"—that humility which is before honor. "Owl's Nest" will seem empty without his bodily presence, but he will never be very far from any who knew him well. C. C. B.

STUDY JOHN BUNYAN

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"GIVE me a hint or two as to the books I shall find most profitable," is the request of a young minister. In answering him, let me give a hint to some others. Next to your Bible, study John Bunyan's immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*. Spurgeon's pure, racy Saxon-English came from his constant study of the tinker of Bedford, and Bunyan fashioned his style on the English Bible.

He was a man of one book. He had but a small library, and when he went into Bedford jail he took only three or four books with him, for which let us be devoutly thankful. God's Word was the constant companion of his cell, the volume of his morning studies and his evening meditations. This perpetual delving in the mine of divine revelation gave Bunyan the pure gold out of which he fashioned his masterpiece. He had read no other poetry than the sublime poetry of David and Job, Isaiah and Habakkuk, and we trace the effect of such close communings with the inspired Hebrew bards in all the grandest imagery of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. His description of the glories of heaven, when the gates open to "Christian's" entering footsteps, is almost a literal copy of John's Apocalypse. Bunyan had never seen the inside of a theological school; he got his body of divinity from the fountain-head by going directly to Moses, the prophets, the Apostles, and to Him who spake as never man spake. Where in the whole range of religious literature can be found a richer, purer, stronger evangelical theology than is contained in this marvelous allegory? Saturate your soul with it, my young brother; it will give you the right pitch when you sit down to your sermons. No danger of your theology becoming pulpy or mucilaginous when you feed on the "Holy War" and the "Pilgrim."

Let Bunyan teach you, also, what wonderful things the Scriptures are when approached in the right spirit. He pored over them on his knees. Not a shadow of doubt as to their perfect inspiration and infallible authority ever disturbed him for a moment. He went through them, not with lexicons and commentaries, but with a keen spiritual eye that discovered every atom of gold as sharply as a Colorado miner picks out every grain of precious metal from the auriferous soil. The Holy Spirit took of the things of Christ and showed unto him. This patient waiting on God's Word, this humble sitting at the gates of the infinite wisdom, and this fervent, earnest inquiry directly from God, let Bunyan into the interior truths that concern most deeply the human soul and its experiences, and eternal destinies. As your business is to deal with human nature in all its varieties, you will find no range of portraiture which surpass those presented by the dreamer of Bedford.

Bunyan will also teach you how to read your Bible in terrible earnest. He made it as literal as the flash of the noonday sunbeams. Not one sharp edge of the Divine threatenings against sin did he ever blunt; in these times there is too little pungent preaching on the "sinfulness of sin" and its just retributions. Nor did Bunyan minimize the ineffable and marvelous

love of God in redemption and in providence. Into the bosom of the exceeding great and precious promises he fairly leaped as a child leaps into the arms of a mother. Every syllable of the divine Book he pored over and pondered till his memory held it in solution. You will be constantly delighted with his ingenious introduction of the out-of-the-way passages of Scripture into the most unexpected places. If you can learn how to do this, you will hold the attention of your hearers, and give them happy and profitable surprises.

Style is a vastly important element in effective preaching, as the Spurgeons, Maclarens, Robertsons and Bushnells testify. The best style is that which most resembles a window of perfectly transparent glass. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is a well of English undefiled. I do not recall but one foreign word in it, and that is when "Mr. By-ends made them a low congee." That French word seemed to suit exactly a frivolous and foppish fellow. In every page Bunyan sticks to the stout old dialect which the illiterate can understand and which the most cultured cannot improve. Hardly any other book abounds more in monosyllables. There is a model for you in terse, trenchant vigor of speech; and you will be all the more popular and powerful as a preacher if you will learn what Daniel Webster and John Bunyan teach you, viz.: that for all the highest purpose of an instructor of the people, pure, plain, simple English is the mightiest instrument. In after years you will thank me for exhorting you to study John Bunyan.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. UPHAM AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD

X.

REV. DR. S. F. UPHAM, of Drew Theological Seminary, preached on the old camp-ground at Cottage City, August 31, to the great delight and edification of his many friends, both Methodists and others. Dr. Upham is always a favorite preacher at the Tabernacle, and also at the Union Chapel on the Bluffs, where he is generally asked to close the series of summer preaching services. On this occasion Dr. Upham's ministration was unexpected, as he was suddenly called upon to take the place in the pulpit of a brother minister who had been obliged to return home. But, as the presiding officer remarked, a Methodist minister is supposed to be prepared at a moment's notice to preach or to die.

Dr. Upham took as his text the words of Peter: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables." The whole sermon was a thoughtful and yet impassioned exhibition of Christianity as a religion of certainties, as a sublime *credo*, and a confession of ultimate facts of existence which cannot be resolved away. The martyr spirit which is willing to die for what it knows to be true is still alive in the world. The Christian is not willingly doubtful, but sanely and safely dogmatic. Infidelity is destructive. In illustration of this point the story was told of a wealthy infidel who was requested to give a sum of money to build a church. He refused to give a cent to build a new edifice, but as the collector was departing called out, "What are you going to do with the former building?" "Tear it down!" "Well, then I will give you a thousand dollars to tear the old church

down!" Organized Christianity, however, cannot be torn down. It represents a permanent force in the State and community.

Christianity, said Dr. Upham, is not a string of anybody's opinions, but a process of life. He alluded to Dean Stanley's commentary on the text, "Whosoever sins they remit, they are remitted," to the effect that Christianity is a religion old enough and noble enough and rich enough "to announce something" to the world. Scholarship must deal with the questions which scholarship raises, and the value of scholarship is not to be disparaged, while yet it is the business of Christians authoritatively to "announce" a divine message for the conscience in no mistakable terms, to "herald" an evangel which uncompromisingly demands the surrender of the heart and will. The cry nowadays is "physics, not metaphysics," which denotes a sense or feeling for "facts." The facts are in Christ, who abides as a life-giving force. "It is high time that Jesus Christ be relegated to the first century," said a skeptic not long ago. But Jesus Christ is present in the twentieth century, as a part of its life. He is here, and He is here to rule.

While the testimony of the believer, urged the speaker, is thus positive and even dogmatic, it is also intelligent and rational. He called up a number of witnesses, from the days of Paul of Tarsus of "imperial brain" and of Augustine down, to show how the intellect of the world had echoed Peter's confession, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables." The reasonableness of entertaining such a Christian hope was illustrated by a touching reference to the case of a man under deep conviction of sin some years ago, who in his agony as he knelt at the altar rail literally tore up the carpet of the church in Boston of which Dr. Upham was pastor, while Christian workers prayed and labored with him. Finally the man found perfect peace in believing. "I feel better!" he exclaimed. A cold, cynical man standing by thereupon remarked to Dr. Upham: "Sir, this is a curious psychological phenomenon." "Yes," replied Dr. Upham dryly, "I think it is!" The Christian consciousness in conversion, like that of the blind man who declared, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," cannot successfully be assailed. It is reasonable to be a Christian, though it takes more than rationality to make a man a Christian.

There were many tender touches in the sermon, as when the preacher alluded to the moral heroism of Mary Reed, sacrificing herself for the lepers; referred to the pathetic martyrdom of the Armenian preacher, Krikorian, formerly a student at Drew, who died at the hands of the Moslems rather than deny his Master; and told the story of the old man somewhere in New England who quaintly said of himself and his impending decease, "I live in a mansion which is falling into disrepair, and will soon go to pieces, and as the owner of the house does not evince any disposition to make repairs upon it, I am making my arrangements 'to move out!'"

The force of the speaker's logic and the fervor of the spirit made a deep impression upon the audience. If any came to the service in doubtful frame, it is probable that they went away convinced anew of the validity and worth of the truth as it is in Jesus. And to one who has been privileged in past years to listen to many a splendid presentation of the doctrines of grace from the Tabernacle pulpit, it was inspiring and uplifting to hear one of the fathers thus set the seal upon it all by quoting and expounding so ably and feelingly the words of Peter: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables."

THE FAMILY

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY

JEREMIAH 18: 6.

'Tis only common clay, with pebbles scattered through,
Just common clay,
Unnoticed by the throng in search of something new,
The livelong day.
But 'neath the potter's skillful touch and furnace blast
'Tis changed to vessel wondrous fair, until at last
'Tis fit for king to see,
Or incense lamp to be —
That ugly, common clay.

Thy life, O fellow-man, is only vulgar earth,
Just common clay,
By thee and others trodden down as without worth
From day to day;
But God can mold it into form so fair and true
That in His presence thou shalt stand, created new,
Made fit thy King to see,
And in His presence be —
Transformed and glorious clay.

His plan for thee is fairer far than dream of thine —
Just patient stand.
His likeness day by day He's tracing, line by line,
In colors grand.
Be patient 'neath His touch, nor faint when fierce the blast,
And soon the task will be complete, until at last
He'll take thee home, to be
Through all eternity
With those at His right hand.

But ere that glorious day shall dawn, undimmed by cloud,
Eternal day,
Bring thou, my child, to Christ thy Lord some other clod,
Some other clay,
For Him to change from vulgar earth to vessel grand,
From which shall shine His likeness fair, and which shall stand,
Without one ugly line,
Before the King Divine
In that eternal day.

— GEORGE R. VARNEY, in *Standard*.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The Almighty's shadow is a starlit night;
His cloud is ever full of hidden light.

— Samuel Longfellow.

"Principles are furrows to plant practice in."

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life. — Henry Ward Beecher.

If God writes "opportunity" on one side of open doors, He writes "responsibility" on the other side. — J. T. Gracey, D. D.

September sunsets, changing forests, moonrise and cloud, sun and rain — I for one am contented with them. They fill my heart with a sense of beauty. — Whittier.

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

A gentleman, well known for his large benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said he; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much

sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting." — *Congregationalist*.

God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves. — *Ruskin*.

God calls us to duty, and the only right answer is obedience. If it can be glad and willing and loving obedience, happy are we; but, in any case, whether we ourselves get enjoyment and blessing from the task or not, the call must be obeyed. The will of God must be done for the sake of God, not for the sake of ourselves. Undertake the duty, and step by step God will provide the disposition. We can at least obey. Ideal obedience includes the whole will and the whole heart. We cannot begin with that. But we can begin with what we have. God calls. It is better to obey blunderingly than not to obey at all. — *George Hodges, D. D.*

There are few things we need more to guard against than discouragement. When once we come under its influence, it makes us weak, robbing us of our hope and making cowards of us. Many a life is dis-crowned and drawn down to failure through discouragement. It is surely a sad picture — this greatest of the old prophets lying there under the little bush, in the wilderness, longing to die. If Elijah had died then and there, what an inglorious ending it would have made of his life! As it was, however, he lived to do further glorious work and to see great results from his contest with idolatry. God was kinder to him than he knew.

It is wrong to wish ourselves dead. Life is God's gift to us, a sacred trust for which we shall have to give account. While God keeps us living He has something for us to do. Our prayer should be for grace to do our duty bravely and well unto the end. From Elijah's after-experience we learn that we should never be cast down by any discouraging experiences. The things we think have failed are often only slowly ripening into rich success. We have only to be faithful to God and to duty, and we may always rejoice. What seems failure is often best success. — *J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Gently, swiftly, the spirit may detach itself from the flesh; so much may be spirit that the flesh may fall to invisible particles of its original matter — who can tell? We know the gradual, loathsome process that has to be hidden away out of our sight. God knows other processes. Men may have all been meant to die by a translation; here and there it has been possible, perhaps, to show the beautiful palingenesis. Saint Paul touches the possibility in his wonderful theory of the resurrection: "We shall not all sleep; we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye: the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed." Need this be interpreted as a double resurrection, at a literal trumpet sound, at a fixed and general Last Day? Have we not possibly mistaken the sublime reach of its meaning? What was dead shall disappear — shall be dissipated, dissolved into new life; the spiritual, the incorruptible, shall be raised up, and instantly. Is there any wrenching in such a reading?

"No man knoweth of his sepulchre."

We must leave it there. Augustly, sol-

emnly, as he had lived, communed with Deity, and given messages to men, the man Moses departed from the earth, and was lifted up. The heavens closed about him, and the earth showed no grave.

Even so was the Son of Man lifted up. And He shall draw all men unto Him. — Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY, in "The Open Mystery."

Love is a compound thing; Paul tells us it is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors — red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colors of the rainbow — so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day; that they are things which can be practiced by every man in every place in life; and how by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the *summum bonum*, is made up? — *Drummond*.

Is it the Lord that shuts me in?
Then I can bear to wait!
No place so dark, no place so poor,
So strong and fast no prisoning door
Though walled by grievous fate,
But out of it goes fair and broad
An unseen pathway, straight to God,
By which I mount to Thee.

— Susan Coolidge.

PREPARING FOR THE BEST

FRANCES J. DELANO.

LOW spirits have gone out of fashion. Nowadays the melancholy person is not condoled with as he used to be. He is reprimanded instead, or else he is avoided as a morbid specimen.

Broken hearts are also out of style. On a tombstone in the old Plymouth burying-ground may be seen this inscription: "She died of a languishment." Imagine a young lady of the present day dying of any such malady! In the event of such a catastrophe, imagine her parents parading the fact on her tombstone! Truly, the times have changed, and in no way is the change more noticeable than in our attitude toward these diseases of the mind. Health — health of body and mind — is the watchword of today, and in the best society whatever tends to draw us in the opposite direction is frowned upon. The subject of the feelings is tabooed. If we are ill, we keep it to ourselves; if sorrowful, we feign cheerfulness. The optimistic spirit is coming more and more into vogue, and Dr. Hale's motto, "Look out, and not in," etc., is happily becoming a byword.

All this is very encouraging, but we are still far from the millennium. There are plenty of morbid people among us yet, and all of us have our blue days, even if we say nothing about them. Our attitude in regard to sickness and trouble is a negative rather than a positive one. It is true we do not condole with our children and call attention to their feelings as we used to. Instead, we tell the child not to cry, and assure him the bruises will be better soon. There is a

better way, however, than this, and now and then we come across a mother who, when her child hurts himself, either calls his attention to some attractive object or introduces a happy thought, and the child forgets his troubles. This mother's example is worthy our imitation. It is time we stopped saying "Don't" — "Don't mourn," "Don't borrow trouble," etc. We would better say, instead, "Rejoice," "There's a good time coming," "The best is yet to be."

We often hear the expression, "Prepare for the worst, and take what comes." Why not prepare for the best, and take what comes? How much better it sounds on the face of it! What delightful prospects are implied, and what courage it gives us just to think of getting ready for the best! Perhaps there is a trip to Europe in store for us, or a college course, or a fortune! What a pity if we should not be able to take advantage of these things because we were like the foolish virgins and neglected to put oil in our lamps, not having faith to believe that life had good things in store for us as well as for other people. The writer once imprisoned a caterpillar in a small wooden box with a glass cover. A tiny branch of leaves was put into the box for the larva to feed upon. The insect spent the first half day of his confinement trying to get out. His attempts proving futile, he decided to make the best of it and began to eat with great avidity. The second day he was found apparently hiding under a maple leaf. After watching him we found he was drawing the leaf around him and fastening the edges to the box by means of some sticky material which he had on hand. There were some holes in the leaf, and the thrifty creature produced a fine silver thread from somewhere about him and did as nice a piece of darning as one can imagine. What went on after the holes were darned we could not tell, but we removed the glass cover and kept the mysterious little bunch all winter.

One morning early in the following June we heard a faint scratching from the depths of the box. The noise went on at intervals all day, and at night we found a hole as large as a shoe button in an end of the tiny bunch. The inmate had fled. We discovered him a little later balancing himself on the window curtain. He was not a caterpillar any longer, but a beautiful *Polyphemus* moth, with velvety wings wonderful to behold.

The little creature had planned and fashioned these wings while he was a prisoner, with scarcely room to crawl. It was instinct, whatever that may be, that prompted him to do it, but the lesson which he taught us we shall not soon forget.

The writer once knew an old man whose home was on a small island. He had no relatives, and the few inhabitants were not his equal in culture and refinement. The little island was like a prison to the old man, but he got from the people the best that was in them and gave in return his best to them. Every year his carriage became more erect, his voice more refined, and his smile more beautiful. He, too, was fashioning wings, and long since his prison windows have swung outward and he has entered into the larger life for which he was so well prepared.

Our lack of faith in our future is the result partly of the old pessimistic spirit of the past, when such pernicious expressions as, "It's too good to be true," and "Our school-days are the happiest days," came into vogue. As though anything could possibly be too good to be true! As for our school-days being the happiest — the man or the woman who could believe such a statement has not learned what possibilities for happiness there are in life.

They are wise parents indeed who influence their children to look forward hopefully to the future; who teach them that there is nothing too good or too delightfully happy to be true; and that the best of life is for those who are able to receive it. A young person thus influenced starts out in life with courage. If wisely taught, he will expect disappointments and sorrow, but he will understand that they are incidental; that life itself, if he so wills it, is a triumphant march to victory.

Fairhaven, Mass.

THE BEDS FOR THE BABY

EMMA A. LENTE.

They made a bed for the Baby;

It was dainty and soft and white,
The pillow was ruffled with laces,
And the cover was fleecy and light.
And the chamber that held it was pleasant
And warm as a summer's day;
But the centre of all was the Baby,
And the beautiful bed where she lay.

They made a bed for the Baby;

It was short and narrow and deep;
And no one could light it or warm it,
Or rock it to deepen the sleep
Of the Baby they laid there with sighing
And grief that could never be told;
And they covered the bed with fair blossoms,
And left it alone in the cold.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Brookside Pebbles

"YOU have no fear of death, Alice?" The pastor looked searchingly at the lovely girl, the daughter of his boyhood friend, who was slowly wasting away with consumption.

"No fear at all," she answered; "but, do you know, I am half ashamed to confess that I do not want to leave all this," giving a comprehensive glance about the beautiful room. "Those stained-glass windows, that picture of the Christ, those Madonnas, those statuettes, my piano, my books — all these exquisite things with which my friends have surrounded me. I have grown to love them. How can I do without them? I do not grieve to leave Emma. She has her husband and children, and her beautiful home. She will miss me, of course; but she does not need me. But I do not see what I shall do without these lovely things that have been my life for so long! Do you think I am wrong to feel this way?" she asked, timidly.

"Before I answer your question let me tell you a little story of my boyhood, Alice. It was my fifth birthday — although I had forgotten the fact. I was a happy little chap at all times, but in the country, where we were spending the summer, my joy was unbounded. On this morning, I was down on the bank of a tiny stream that hurried joyously past the foot of the garden. I had gathered an assortment of shining pebbles and little gnarled roots, and was making a little house of boughs,

and roofing it with wild grape-vine leaves when my mother called me. I did not want to go. How could I leave all those delights? But I went to the house. No one was in the kitchen, so I walked on through the long hall into the parlor, where I heard some one speaking. The door was partly closed. I pushed it open. 'Here he is! here he is!' whispered several excited voices, and I stood bewildered in the presence of my first party — Aunt Julia had brought it from the city in her big carriage — six of my kindergarten friends.

"They crowded about me joyously, with gifts dear to my boyish heart — a toy boat, a big knife, balls, and games. After a happy time, mother took us to the dining-room. It was a bower of smilax and roses. Aunt Julia had determined that my first party should be a memorable occasion to me — and it was. With its surprise and the gifts, the roses, and the birthday-cake, with its frosted angels and the red and blue candles, it stands out to this moment as a wonderful experience; and at night, when I lay in bed so happy I could not sleep, I said to my mother, 'And I didn't want to leave the pebbles, mother, to go into the party.' She smiled — a wise mother-smile — as she kissed me."

"I see, Uncle Robert; you think these are but brookside pebbles, compared with the delights of my heavenly home?"

"Even so, dear child." — HARRIET BAILEY CLARK, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

"APPLE BUTTER"

IN ZION'S HERALD of Aug. 27 a story appeared on the Family pages from the pen of Louise R. Baker, entitled "Mrs. Packett's Apple-Butter Boiling," which has excited quite a little curiosity as to what an apple-butter boiling really is, New Englanders apparently not being familiar with the delicacy. In *Harper's Weekly* of August 30 there is a full-page illustration by Clifton Johnson called "Making Apple Butter," accompanying an interesting editorial, "Along the 'Blue Juniata,'" from which we reproduce the appended description of the apple-butter-making process:

"A quarter of a mile down the road I found an old-fashioned cider-mill running full blast. It was a shabby little skeleton of a structure on the banks of the creek, with a blacksmith's shanty adjoining; and the mill and the shop between them drew a crowd.

"Most of the cider the farmers were then making was to be boiled down for use in preparing a winter's supply of cider apple-sauce — or apple-butter, as it was called. Apparently no family could do without this culinary luxury, and I saw the process of manufacture going on in many a back yard. It was essential that the cider should be boiled while it was perfectly sweet; and as soon as possible after it had been brought home a great copper kettle was set up in some convenient spot, and a fire built underneath. The rule was to boil the cider three-fourths away, and if the boiling was started early in the morning it would be completed by noon.

"When the cider had been properly reduced, the pared and sliced apples were added and flavored — perhaps with cinnamon, or perhaps with allspice and cloves. The boiling of the apple-sauce would very probably continue into the evening. All through the afternoon the women took turns in keeping the contents of the pot stirring, for which purpose they used a wooden paddle with a very long handle inserted at a right angle. It was a relief to

every one concerned when the apple-butter thickened and was pronounced done. Now it only needed to be taken up with a dipper and put into casks or earthen crocks, and it was ready to be set away."

On the Way Home

"East and west, Home's best." — *Scottish Proverb.*

The sun's rim dips, the west shows gray;
The red kine take their evening way
Slowly along a darkening wold
Whose skirts have all but lost their gold.
Afar the shepherd gathers in
His scattered flock, and homeward win
God's feathered songsters to their nest.
O east and west, Home's best!

My life's sun sinks, night falls, and I,
With faltering feet and slow, pass by,
Earth's traveler, soon no more to roam.
Home of my God, my Father's Home,
Let me direct my steps toward thee,
Where all is throned, there all should be.
Not here, my heart, not here thy rest;
O east and west, Home's best!

— C. M. STEEDMAN, in *Good Words*.

"Are You Happy?"

ELIZABETH NEWCOMB was a radiantly beautiful girl when she came, a bride, to South Carlton. She had left college in her junior year to marry Henry Newcomb. It was a "love-match," and life stretched clear and bright before them. Elizabeth had a romantic devotion to Shelley and Tennyson, but she also had substantial common sense and practical ability that made her a model housewife.

Five years had brought burdens and problems. First there was a boy baby and then a girl. Soon Elizabeth's mother died, and her father, a feeble, deaf old man, came to live with his daughter. Business had been a little disturbed by a strike in Henry's factory, and it did not seem wise to increase the expenses of the house by the wages of another maid. So Elizabeth learned what it meant to be tired from the top of her head to the toe of her neat shoe.

For a month she had been conscious of a growing irritability. Henry did not seem so devoted as once he was; the children were restless and persistent; her father was exacting; the weather was depressing. Her courage and philosophy were at low ebb.

One evening she was left alone. The children and father slept. Henry had gone to a meeting of the library directors. Elizabeth confessed herself too weary to mend a stocking or to write a letter, and she picked up a book. It was Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny." The first sentence caught and held her attention: "Is happiness truly as happy as people imagine?"

It came on her mood like a startling echo. The prose of middle life was succeeding the poetry of youth, as a cold evening fog shuts down upon a day of summer sunshine.

"Is happiness truly as happy as I imagined?" asks the woman.

She dropped the book, and sat dwelling upon the words long and sadly. Then suddenly a strange thing happened to her in the border-land between sleeping and waking. She dreamed for one brief instant that father and husband and babies were lost to her—that her burdens were gone. She awoke with a start of anguish—and in that anguish she knew herself. Out of her flash of insight there emerged a saving philosophy of life. It ran in this wise:

Hard work, scant appreciation, care, loss, grief, may press upon a woman's heart.

None of them can reach her deepest self. Only one baleful spirit can do that: it is the Spirit of Hate. When she begins to hate her work, to hate her worries and loneliness, to hate even her pain, then indeed happiness ceases to be happy.

So long as out of turmoil and distress the woman can lift her eyes and say, "I still love—I love my life, my friends, my enemies, yes, pain itself, because it comes of Love!" then she is ready to confute and confound the cynical spirit asking his depressing question.

She replies, "True happiness is happier, far happier, than I knew, for it consists not in the having or the lacking of those things that are passing and temporary, but in the possession of that which is eternal."

So the next morning Elizabeth Newcomb took up joyfully her usual cares, quickened for her tasks as spirits have been in all ages by a Vision of Things as They Are. — *Youth's Companion*.

ABOUT WOMEN

— Mrs. Grace O. Tarr, who carries on a laundry in Gloucester, recently became a member of the Teamsters' Union.

— The only woman manager of a great ballet concern is Miss Jennie Hiltner, of Pitts- ton, Pa.

— Marie Corelli was present at the coronation by invitation of the Queen. "What are critics' jabs to a queen's beckonings?" asks the *Congregationalist*.

— Among beekeepers of the Northwest Mrs. Stow, of Evanston, Ill., is regarded as an authority. She is vice-president of the State Beekeepers' Association, and has a well-equipped apiary of 100 colonies of bees, which she handles without fear.

— Mrs. John Golden, of Jeffersonville, Ind., has been given a pilot's license on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. She started on her first trip recently from Louisville, and will take a steamer south, with a big storeboat in tow.

— Miss Edith M. Haynes, of Boston, the only woman graduate of the Boston University School of Law in the class of 1902, has successfully passed an examination for admission to the bar. The examination, six hours in length, covered the whole field of law. Of 272 candidates who took this examination, only 162 passed.

— Two women of San Jose, Cal., Josephine Graham and Louisa Held, own and carry on a barber shop. They have been barbers for eight years. Their shop is clean, neat and attractive, containing good pictures, flowers and magazines, and is patronized by many of the leading citizens.

— Miss Ellen M. Stone has been lecturing during the summer to large audiences at the Chautauquas in the West. She intends to use the proceeds of her lectures in canceling her indebtedness to the friends who contributed the funds necessary to ransom her from the brigands of Bulgaria.

— The temperance committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, at a meeting in Manchester, England, presented Lady Isabel Somerset with an address expressing gratitude and admiration for the splendid services she has rendered the temperance cause. Lady Somerset responded with an appeal for more zealous action on the part of the church against the liquor traffic.

— The movement to erect a monument to Gen. F. E. Spinner is making progress under the care of Miss L. R. Whelpley of East Capitol Street, Washington. General Spinner was the first to admit women to the Treasury Department on equal terms with men.

— Miss Nellie G. Bass is a regular registered pharmacist, having successfully passed the examination before the Massachusetts State Board of Registration in Pharmacy, and secured her diploma in May, 1897. She is a native of Gloucester and a graduate of the Gloucester High School. After leaving school in June, 1894, she took a regular course in pharmacy with her brother, and after receiving her diploma from the State Board was for four years

with Foster & Co., druggists of Gloucester. Then she held the position of dispensary clerk at the Lowell Emergency Hospital for a year. She is now in charge of the women's prescription department in a leading drugstore in Lowell, Mass.

— Queen Alexandra is so passionately fond of clocks that she has some three hundred of them — small, large, fancy (and plain) — at Sandringham. Curiously enough, these have always been kept half an hour fast to humor the King, though the custom is supposed to be handed down from the famous Earl of Leicester. The finest collection in the world is supposed to be at Buckingham Palace, the number of clocks there being considerably over three hundred, while Marlborough House is believed to boast a collection of some four hundred.

— Mrs. Amanda Brown is now carrying the mail between Spearfish and Bear Gulch, S. D., a distance of sixteen miles. It is one of the most difficult routes in the Black Hills on account of the deep snow in the mountains from November until May.

— A bright Danish girl, Bertha Olesen, has recently entered the boot and shoe trade, after serving a four years' apprenticeship to her father, and compelled the ancient guild to accept her as a fellow craftsman. Miss Olesen is twenty-one years of age. She expects to establish herself in Copenhagen as a custom shoe-maker, and hopes to induce other women to come to her and learn the business.

Hint on Mending Stockings

FOR mending large holes in stockings sew a piece of mosquito netting or coarse net of any kind on the inside of the stocking, covering the hole, and far enough beyond it to make it strong. Then darn back and forth through the netting until all is covered. This not only wears better, but keeps the stocking in better shape. Or, take a crochet hook of medium size, and yarn somewhat finer than the stocking is knit of, and crochet with a rather loose stitch until the hole is filled. New heels and knees can be knit in partly-worn stockings by cutting away the worn parts, raveling back, taking up the stitches and then knitting in the ordinary way. When done, bind off, then sew the knee or heel down firmly on the outside. This is especially useful for children whose knees are through before the rest of the stocking is much worn. — *Boston Journal*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

AUNT NAN'S GARDEN

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

ALL the children who went to the Cherry Valley school firmly believed that, whatever other gardens there might be the wide world over, none could be half so beautiful as Aunt Nan's. From the time when the first daffodils swung out their golden censers in the spring to the dull autumn days when the chrysanthemums lit their cheerful lamps along its walks, it was a lovely spot where children were as welcome as the flowers.

Aunt Nan had "a way with flowers," the Cherry Valley people said. They bloomed and flourished for her even in the hot days of the drouth when those in other people's garden's drooped and dwindled.

Aunt Nan lived in a tiny little house just over the brook from the Cherry Valley school. The garden was behind it, sheltered by William Urquhart's big fir grove, and was rimmed around its four sides by stiff, soldierly Lombardies. All kinds of flowers bloomed there, and Aunt

Nan was very generous with them. She loved children, too, and there was not a scholar in Cherry Valley school, not even ragged little Ned Inglis, who was a saucy, disobedient little scamp and the terror of all his teachers, who did not love Aunt Nan and who had not reveled in her bounty of flowers and gingersnaps.

But now consternation had fallen on Cherry Valley school. All the scholars went down to the brook at recess to talk it over. Ned Inglis sat on a stump and dipped his bare feet up and down in the water, eying the others sullenly. He was more or less of an outcast among them, being generally disliked by his mates for the tricks he played on them. But he meant to hear what they had to say about Aunt Nan.

"It is really dreadful!" said Daisy Dustan, pathetically.

"It doesn't seem as if it could be true," said Fan Shatford, keeping a wary eye on Ned lest he tweak her long curls viciously.

"I don't see how we are going to get along without Aunt Nan for a whole summer anyhow," said Jacky Urquhart, pessimistically.

The cause of all these doleful speeches was the fact that Aunt Nan was going out West to spend the summer with her sister. She was to return in the fall, but to the small Cherry Valleyites that seemed a very long way off.

"I wish we could do something for her before she goes," said Katie Ray, who was the biggest girl in the class, and so was always listened to with great respect. "Give her something or get up an address like we do when teachers go away or something."

The others thought Katie's "something" vague, although they would not say so. They doubted being able to manage an "address" by themselves, and as for a gift — well, the Back Valley children couldn't contribute any money, that was certain, and it would never do to leave them out.

Ned Inglis spoke up, giving Fan's curls a pull that made her cry out as he did so.

"I think," he said, scornfully, "if you-uns are so mighty anxious to help Aunt Nan, there is one thing you kin do."

Ned stopped. He meant to make them ask "What?" After a minute their curiosity mastered them, and Minnie Worth asked it.

"Tend to her garden while she is gone," said Ned. "She's feeling awful bad about it. I heard her telling Mrs. Urquhart. She's got all the seeds planted, but there won't be any one to weed 'em and fix 'em up, and when she comes home she won't have a flower."

The children looked at each other. At that moment much was forgiven Ned Inglis.

Aunt Nan went away sadly enough. She hated to leave her garden to the mercy of weeds and bugs and drouth — and, although she would not let herself say it, the Back Valley children. Even Aunt Nan could not altogether trust the Back Valley children.

All through June the Cherry Valley teacher was thankful for her merces. The children never got into scrapes at recesses. There were no fights to settle. Ned Inglis, who had been the prime

offender in this respect, was too busy looking after Aunt Nan's garden and the workers therein.

Somehow, much to their surprise, the Cherry Valley children found themselves deferring to Ned in all matters connected with weeding and trimming and watering the flowers. He developed a sudden and unsuspected gift for gardening. Moreover, he was harmless and happy while he hoed and weeded and pruned. He had not even pulled Fan's curls since they began. He and Fan were quite good friends, being interested in the sweet-pea trellis they were getting up as a surprise for Aunt Nan, who had never grown many sweet peas.

Aunt Nan's garden flourished that summer as well as it had always done. The flowers bloomed luxuriantly. Not one of the Back Valley children ever took a blossom unbidden. They felt that they were on their honor. But they were given plenty, for the flowers would only fade if not gathered, and all who had enjoyed them in previous summers did so on this one. The sick folks in and about the valley were cheered by bouquets, the teacher's desk had its fresh posy every morning, and each Saturday a lavish basket of blossoms went over to Carlton to the children's hospital.

Letters went to Aunt Nan all summer, but never a word of her garden was in them. When she came home in early September she thought of it sorrowfully. She knew how she would find it — overgrown with weeds and neglected.

William Urquhart met her at the station and drove her home. It was at noon recess, and every Cherry Valley scholar, from the oldest to the youngest, was in Aunt Nan's yard agog with excitement. Aunt Nan got down from the wagon at the garden gate and looked over it.

The trellis of sweet peas which Ned and Fan had put up and tended ran from one end of the garden to the other and was a-flutter with blossoms. The ribbon of asters which Jacky Urquhart had watered so faithfully every day of the August drouth was ablaze with color. Katie Ray's poppy bed was gorgeous beyond words; and every other plot and curve of blossom was a credit to the little gardeners. Aunt Nan's garden had never looked nicer.

A lovely pink flush came over her sweet face and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why — why!" she cried.

"The children did it," said Mr. Urquhart. "It was Ned Inglis' idea in the first place, I believe, but they've all worked faithfully at it all summer. They thought it would please you."

"How can I ever repay you, dears?" said Aunt Nan.

But the children had all the reward they wanted in her delight.

As for Ned Inglis, he was no longer a social outcast among the Cherry Valley children. They had found that he could be a jolly companion, with a brain fertile in devising sports and games and a knack of carrying them out. He didn't develop into a model all at once — boys never do in real life, you know — but a germ of good had been planted in his tough little heart, and it was to grow and blossom as did the flowers he loved and tended in Aunt Nan's garden.

Cavendish, P. E. I.

"Yoooooooooooo!"

Suppose, when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask: "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:

"Yoooooooooooo! Yoooooooooooo! Yoooooooooooo!"

— Eugene Field.

OUR DAISY CHAIN



Son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Trauschke

Isn't this chubby little fellow a "dear?" His name is Edward Matthews Trauschke, and he is the grandson of the late Rev. Henry Matthews, a well-known minister of the New England Conference. He is a year and a half old, and his chum and playmate is Curly, a brown water-spaniel of the same age. Perhaps some of the sharp-eyed little readers of this corner can find Curly under the cart. About half an hour before bedtime Eddie has his clothes removed so that he can have a lively frolic. When tired, he will ask for his bottle and climb into his little crib, and is soon fast asleep. He is quite fond of books. At any time when fretful he can be quieted by giving him a book, which he will look at for an hour at a time. Eddie belongs to the large circle of "Mothers' Jewels," the infant department of the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson XII

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1902.

DEUTERONOMY 34:1-12.

THE DEATH OF MOSES

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.* — Exod. 33:11.

2. DATE: B. C. 1451, in February.

3. PLACE: Mount Nebo (Pisgah), east of the Jordan, and the plain at its foot, on which the Israelites were encamped.

4. HOME READINGS: Monday — Deut. 32:44-52. Tuesday — Deut. 33:1-5; 26-29. Wednesday — Deut. 34:1-12. Thursday — Deut. 3:21-29. Friday — Num. 27:12-23. Saturday — Gen. 13:5-18. Sunday — Psa. 90.

II Introductory

The final summons had come. The work of Moses, "the man of God," was ended. A career the most marvelous and far-reaching in its influence ever embraced in a mortal life was about to end in a mysterious death and an unknown sepulchre. The last words had been spoken. "The people, encamped on the plains of Moab, over against Jericho, had listened to a rehearsal of the dealings of Jehovah with them as a people, and their perverse behavior. They had heard the law once more unfolded, with its tremendous sanctions, and with an added spiritual significance. The blessings and cursings to be sounded on Ebal and Gerizim had sounded in their ears, and the awful judgments that awaited them as a nation in case they should forsake God, had been portrayed in terms most solemn and memorable. In a poetic strain of unsurpassable sublimity, which the people were to treasure up in their hearts and not forget, the most impressive lessons had been incorporated. He had bidden them obey from the heart, and train their children, too, in the precepts of the law. "It is not a vain thing for you," he urged, remembering perhaps at the moment his own unhappy transgression and shortened days, "it is your life; and through this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it." And on that self-same day came the command which he dared not postpone or evade, to ascend the lofty peak of Nebo and, after a survey with undimmed eye of the land promised centuries before to Abraham and his seed, to lie down in death and be gathered to his people. His feet were never to press its soil, because of his trespass at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh. As Aaron had died on Mount Hor, so must he die on Pisgah's height — only he must die alone, with no human solaces to comfort him, with no human friend to close his eyes. "So Moses died in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

"O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well."

III Expository

1. Moses went up from the plains of Moab — to which point he had conducted

the children of Israel — their last journey before crossing the Jordan. Unto the mountain of (R. V., "mount") Nebo . . . Pisgah — rising 4,500 feet above sea level, the principal summit of Abarim, or the Moabite range, on the east of Jordan. Tristram, in his "Land of Israel," describes this peak, and shows how perfectly it meets the conditions. From it a view can be obtained westward, beyond the Dead Sea, of Hebron and the mountains of central Judea. Northward can be seen the bed of the Jordan, the top of Gerizim, the plain of Esdraelon, the outlines of Tabor and Gilboa and snowy Hermon. Over against Jericho — on the opposite side of the river Jordan. Lord shewed him all . . . Gilead unto Dan — in the extreme north. Dan was not literally visible, of course, but the vanishing point of vision in that direction might be said to take it in. Canon Cook, on the other hand, supposes that "the sight thus afforded to Moses, like that of 'all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time,' was no doubt supernatural. Yet it was not imaginary only, but a real view of the land, obtained perhaps through an extraordinary enhancement of the dying lawgiver's power of vision."

Josephus, though writing from the imagination, could not be in material error when he says: "Amidst the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts, and the children giving way to uncontrollable wailing, he withdrew. At a certain point in his ascent, he made a sign to the weeping multitude to advance no farther — taking with him only the elders, Eleazer, and the general, Joshua. At the top of the mountain he dismissed the elders; and then, as he was embracing Eleazer and Joshua, and still speaking to them, a cloud suddenly stood over him, and he vanished in a deep valley" (Geikie).

2, 3. Naphtali . . . Ephraim and Manasseh . . . Judah. — The lot of Naphtali was in the north and west — in the highlands which form the southern prolongation of the range of Lebanon, bounded on the east by the upper Jordan, the "waters of Merom" and the Sea of Chinneroth, and looking down on the west on the maritime plain of Asher. Ephraim was in the centre. Judah was in the south, between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean and south of the hill on which Jerusalem was located. Manasseh was north of Ephraim, but included also the land of Bashan and Gilead east of the Jordan. Unto the utmost (R. V., "hinder") sea — the Mediterranean.

4. This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, etc. — nearly five hundred years before (see Gen. 12:7; 13:51). Dreary centuries had intervened, but the promise had never been forgotten. Generation after generation had come on the stage and passed away, dying without the sight, but the goodly land had been reached at last and Moses could see for himself how rich was the heritage. Have caused thee to see it. — Keil maintains that these words exclude every theory of ecstatic vision, or magical influence, or miraculously elevated power of bodily vision for the purpose. Shalt not go over thither. — Says Bishop Hall: "How many noble proofs had Moses given of his courage and strength of faith; how many glorious services had he done for his Master; yet for one act of distrust he must be gathered to his fathers. All our obedience cannot bar out one sin against God."

5. So Moses the servant of the Lord. — The designation of Abraham was "the friend of God," that of Moses, "the servant of God." Says Prof. Rawlinson: "The special quality which this epithet marks is his unswerving faithfulness — that absolutely unshaken fidelity to God which characterized him throughout his entire career. Moses was 'faithful to God in all his house' (Heb. 3:5); that is, in the entire govern-

ment and administration which he exercised for forty years over Israel, God's 'house,' or household." Died there — not a translation, like Elijah's, but a genuine death and burial, though, doubtless, with such mitigations and comforts as God would willingly grant to one who had been brought into such close relations with Himself. According to the word of the Lord — precisely as the Lord had ordered it in his case; there was no weak yielding at the last moment. The rabbins interpret the words literally, translating "by the mouth of the Lord," and explaining "by the kiss of the Lord." The Vulgate renders the words, "God willing it."

6. He buried him — hiding his sepulchre as effectually as He hid his body. Kurtz claims that his burial-place was concealed in order that the body of Moses might not be left to corruption, as in ordinary burial, but prepared in the act of sepulture to "pass into the same form of existence to which Enoch and Elijah were taken without either death or burial." But such attempts to solve what lies beyond the limits of revelation and was meant to be kept in mystery, are idle. Valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor. — Beth-Peor was the name of the temple of the Moabite idol, or "the abomination of the Moabites." "The allusion of St. Jude seems to imply that the fallen angel, who was really worshiped there, disputed the invasion of his sanctuary with 'the divine prince, the chief of the angels' (Michael the archangel), who rebuked him with the same calm authority which he used on the mount of temptation" (Smith). No man knoweth of his sepulchre. — Had it been known, it would have been the Mecca alike of Jew and Mohammedan. It would have become one of earth's holy places, to which innumerable pilgrimages would have been made. "We almost shrink from mentioning the absurd attempt to contradict the mystery by the rude mosque, on the opposite side of the Dead Sea, which pretends to mark 'the tomb of the prophet Moses'" (Smith).

The passage in Jude, which every reader feels to be so singular in its reference to a dispute between Michael and the devil over the body of Moses, may really allude to the resurrection of Moses, in order that, with Elijah, he might stand in glorified humanity beside Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. And if this be so, it is interesting to note that thus, not through Jordan, but over it by way of heaven, he actually at length did pass into Canaan, and stand upon the dewy Hermon (Dr. Wm. Taylor).

7, 8. Moses was an hundred and twenty years old — fifty years above the limit which he puts in his wonderful Psalm (the 90th). His life falls into three divisions of forty years each; the first was spent in Pharaoh's palace, the second in seclusion as a shepherd, the third as the leader of God's host in the wilderness. Eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. — At a period in life when human strength is

Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by *dyspepsia* now, but it will be if neglected.

The uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

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"labor and sorrow," Moses entered upon his real life work; and when that work was ended, at sixscore, his eye was bright and his vigor showed no signs of yielding. Wept . . . thirty days — the usual period of mourning for the death of distinguished persons.

Nor could they forget that, if they had not provoked him to anger by their murmuring, they might have had him still among them. There are few tears so scalding as those which disobedient sons drop upon a father's grave; and there might be not a little of similar poignancy in the grief of the Israelites over Moses' death (Dr. Wm. Taylor).

9. Joshua. — He was an Ephraimite, was born in Egypt, and had tasted the bitterness of its servitude. His age at the time of the Exodus was about forty. On the march to Sinai his martial abilities had so impressed Moses that he intrusted him with the command to repel the attack of the Amalekites at Rephidim. He had been the personal attendant of Moses on many solemn occasions, was one of the spies sent out to explore the promised land, and on his return had had his name changed by Moses from Hoshea (salvation) to Jehoshua (God's salvation), or Joshua, or, more simply, Jesus. He commanded the hosts of the Israelites in the conquest of Canaan, and died at the age of 110. Moses had laid his hands upon him — "both to confirm formal and public appointment, and also to confirm and strengthen the spiritual gifts already bestowed. The previous reception of the inner grace did not dispense with the outward sign" (Cook).

10-12. There arose not — R. V., "there hath not arisen." A prophet since . . . like unto Moses — until He arose "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." He was the Son over all the house, as Moses had been "the servant." Whom the Lord knew face to face — granting to him a familiarity of presence and intercourse accorded to no other. In all the signs . . . to Pharaoh. — No one, in all the history of Israel, equaled Moses as a miracle-worker, as the "signs" wrought in Egypt abundantly prove. In all that mighty hand — as evinced in the leadership, under God, of that vast host, and the administration of government. In all the great terror. — His readiness for any emergency, his intimacy with God, his promulgation of statutes which were to shape the training and command the obedience of the nation, his venerable years — all conspired to make him an object of awe to the congregation.

IV Illustrative

1. Before I knew the Son of God as my Saviour, death was a terrible enemy to me. Up in that little New England village where I came from it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out seventy strokes for a man of seventy, or forty strokes for a man of forty. I used to think when they died at

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seventy, and sometimes at eighty, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child of my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now. If He should send His messenger, and the messenger should come up here on this platform and say to me, "Mr. Moody, your hour is come, I have got to take you away," it would be joyful news for me; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with Christ. Through the world I can shout, "O death, where is thy sting?" (Moody.)

2. The legends of the death of Moses are too lengthy to be given in full, but the conclusion of one of them may be quoted. "And when he had gone up the mountain," says one portion, "he met three men who were digging a grave, and he asked them, 'For whom do you dig this grave?' They answered, 'For a man whom God will call to be with Him in Paradise.' Moses asked leave to help in digging the grave of such a holy man. When it was completed he asked, 'Have you taken the size of the deceased?' 'No; but he was of thy size; lie down in it.' Moses did so. The three men were the angels Michael, Gabriel, and Sagsagel. The angel Michael had begun the grave, the angel Gabriel had spread the white napkin for the head, the angel Sagsagel for the feet. Then the angel Michael stood on one side of Moses, the angel Gabriel on the other side, and the angel Sagsagel at the feet, and the majesty of God appeared above his head. And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Close thine eyelids,' and he obeyed. Then the Lord said, 'Press thy hand upon thy heart,' and he did so. Then the Lord God addressed the spirit of Moses, and said, 'Holy soul, my daughter, for one hundred and twenty years hast thou inhabited this undefiled body of dust; but now thine hour is come, go forth and mount to Paradise.' But the soul answered, trembling and with pain, 'In this pure and undefiled body have I spent so many years that I love it, and have not the courage to desert it.' 'My daughter,' replied God, 'come forth; I will place thee in the highest heaven, beneath the cherubim and seraphim who bear up My eternal throne.' Yet the soul doubted and quaked. Then God bent over the face of Moses and kissed him. And the soul leaped up in joy and went with the kiss of God to Paradise. Then a sad cloud draped the mountains, and the winds wailed, 'Who lives now on earth to fight against sin and error?' And a voice answered, 'Such a prophet never arose be-

fore.' And the earth lamented, 'I have lost the holy one.' And Israel lamented, 'We have lost the shepherd.' And the angels sang, 'He is come in peace to the arms of God' (Gekie).

William Taylor -- An Incident

WHILE attending Commencement at Garrett Biblical Institute, as visitor from the Central Ohio Conference, in May, 1881, William Taylor unexpectedly put in an appearance on the hunt for men for some of his missions. I remember well the substance of a short address he gave the students on that day, and which contained a statement I have not seen referred to anywhere. He stated that he was sixty years old, and that he had recently been raised up from a serious illness, the severest of his life, in which he had been very near the grave. He did not know what work was before him, but that the Lord had raised him up and given him twenty years more to live and complete his work, and take up some yet unknown field of responsibility or work that would be given him.

The confidence with which he stated this, though so like him, struck me with peculiar force, and led me to believe that he would see the twenty years, and to watch his future life with increased interest. When so strangely elected as Missionary Bishop to Africa, I remembered this utterance at Evanston, and could understand that it was more than wit that led him to answer the friend who, on his departure as missionary bishop, lamented that he would never see his face again: "That depends on whether you are living when I get back, or not." He expected to get back. He saw more than the promised twenty years, and fifteen of those years were among the most valued of his life, and most of them in the direct order of the church, while he was also enabled to turn over all his mission interests to the authorities of the church qualified to receive and care for them.

It helped, also, to show plainly that, while criticism of some of his methods had been keen, the church authorities had entire confidence in William Taylor, in the greatness of his zeal and the immense value of his labors, which fitted him for the exalted place of chief pastor which the General Conference gave him, and which has been the delight of the church. It may be doubted if the face of any man has been as widely known as that of William Taylor; and none who have ever known or heard him will easily forget this missionary evangelist, this apostle of the nineteenth century. — REV. P. P. POPE, D. D., in *Western Christian Advocate*.

OUR BOOK TABLE

Brooks by the Traveler's Way. By J. H. Jowett, author of "Apostolic Optimism." A. C. Armstrong & Son: New York.

It is not often that one meets with a book that fills up an odd moment with something that is at once invigorating and inspiring. Twenty-six different subjects are very briefly lighted up with hints and suggestions that are fresh as a breath from the meadows. Distinctively spiritual, the treatment is without cant; entirely modern in its setting, the book is without flippancy; while the old truths come out more plainly as the mind of the author appears. In speaking of "Dying, We Live," he says: "Except a human soul enters into fellowship with other souls, loses itself in the larger interests of a broad humanity, buries itself in the common ground of the race, 'It abideth by itself alone,' an unfulfilled promise, a sleeping possibility, never realizing the wealth of its own endowment. . . . If we bury the truth in self, it soon appears tarnished; if we share it with a brother, it shines like a star." The sparkling brightness which lights up so many pages of this book is a splendid illustration of that. The addresses retain the form in which they were originally spoken, and were found so helpful and stimulating by the readers of the periodical in which they were published that it was impossible to resist the demand for republication.

Nature's Miracles. Second Series. By Elisha Gray, Ph. D., LL. D.

Youth of Famous Americans. By Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

Our Church. By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.

These books constitute the Epworth League Reading Course for 1902-'03. As will be noted, they deal with science, biography, and Methodist history. Dr. Gray's discussion of "Nature's Miracles" is fascinating. It conveys scientific information of a most valuable nature without wearying the youthful reader with technical terminology. Dr. Banks' well-known ability as a picturesque preacher and writer is laudably displayed in "Youth of Famous Americans," which deals with a large number of well-known statesmen, warriors, merchants, authors, scholars, and inventors celebrated in the annals of our country. In "Our Church" Dr. Hurlbut describes Methodist doctrine and polity in a way that can be readily understood by Epworthians. The selection of topics and the treatment accorded by the authors is in every way commendable. Each chapter of the entire League should plan to devote time to these excellent books.

Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic. By Henry Austin Clapp. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston and New York.

Mr. Clapp says with refreshing frankness that when he began work as a dramatic critic thirty years ago on the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, he had an exalted idea of the importance of his office, and of the awfulness of his responsibility to the theatre, to the theatrical profession, to Art (spelled with a very large capital "A"), to the readers of the *Advertiser* in particular, and to the entire community in general. This view of his calling seems to have guided him throughout his career. Unlike many so-called dramatic critics, the principles of the histrionic art are of more importance in his estimation than the personalities of the players. He does not attempt to furnish intimate details concerning actors, playwrights and managers. However, he gives illustrative incidents and anecdotes which are very gratifying. In the nineteenth chapter he makes a strong plea for an American theatre privately endowed where clean plays of real merit can be

given. His thought is that such an institution would do much to raise the standard of the drama and help crowd out the cheap and vulgar performances. Mr. Clapp is a writer of sympathy, insight and breadth, and his "reminiscences" are worth reading even by one who is religiously opposed to the theatre. He is a true critic — not a mere faultfinder — because he commends the strong points as well as indicates the crude and weak qualities of an actor's work. Literary people, especially, will relish his discriminating treatment of celebrated characters. His production, in short, is a fine specimen and illustration of the principles that should govern all art criticism.

Pine Tree Ballads. By Holman Day. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

Picturesque character-phases found in Maine (and nowhere else) are described in verse in this volume. Mr. Day is an appreciative observer, and with the instinct of a true poet he sees and describes the life of heart and feeling so often hidden beneath a rough exterior. He deals with the seamen, lumbermen, farmers, and queer individuals of Maine in a style that reminds one of Bret Harte's treatment of the miners and adventurers of California. It is rollicking without being crude or rough, and expresses considerable thought as well as sentiment. Mr. Day has found a profitable mine of literary material in the people of Maine, and he should stake out a claim embracing the entire State before it is appropriated by the literary prospectors and pirates who are ever ready to take advantage of the discoveries of more industrious writers.

Jezebel. A Romance in the Days when Ahab was King of Israel. By Lafayette McLaws. Lothrop Publishing Company: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

In this story of intensest interest, told by Zuor the dwarf, the characters drawn from oldest Biblical times, is a charm that few novels of this type possess. The people are very human, from King Ahab and his wife Jezebel to Elijah, the prophet of Jehovah. Queen Jezebel sets up the worship of Baal, incensing the prophets and believers against her, and a fierce struggle begins that leads to the death of hundreds of the prophets and a massacre of the sun-worshippers, but finally terminates in the submission of Jezebel and her conversion to the faith of her husband. Elijah is saved from death by Ruth, most beautiful of the Israelite maidens, who is a favorite of the Queen and beloved by all. The love story of Ruth is thrilling, and is the real romance of the book. A new light is thrown upon the character of Jezebel, and while not departing from the Biblical accounts, Miss McLaws has made her a warm-hearted, lovable woman as well as strong-willed and passionate. The story is full of impressive incidents, the action is dramatic, and altogether the book is an addition to the novel-literature of Biblical days.

Spanish and English Conversation. Two volumes. By Alda Edmonds Pinney. Ginn & Co.: Boston.

The exercises and reading material in these books are given in both Spanish and English. They aim to teach the spoken language, the words and sentences being those used in every-day intercourse. No attempt is made to teach the grammar except by example; but by means of the interrogative verb drill given in connection with each lesson the pupil will without conscious effort acquire a grammatical as well as an idiomatic use of the language. The conversation lessons are progressive and complete in themselves, and the simplicity of the words and phrases used adapts the lessons to the needs of beginners. The little collection of classic stories included in the first volume uses the vo-

cabulary contained in the conversation lessons. At the end of the book are four national hymns with the words in both Spanish and English. The second book is similar to the first, but is designed for more advanced pupils.

The Little Citizen. By M. E. Waller. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

Miffins, a crippled New York newsboy, is taken from a hospital into the family of Jacob Foss, a Vermont farmer, to help fill a place made vacant by death. He is extremely homesick and lonely at first, but soon meets other boys and one particularly interesting girl, and his influence over them and theirs over him soon results in changes for the better in all. This is the author's first book, in which she reveals her right to take front rank among writers of juvenile literature. It is strong and interesting, full of real boys and girls and their every-day doings. The story is simply and naturally told, and will be enjoyed by both old and young.

The New Century Bible. Ephesians, Colossians, Philimon, Philipians. Edited by G. Currie Martin, M. A., B. D. Henry Frowde: New York.

We have here another volume of the New Century Bible, the preceding volumes of which have been favorably noticed in these columns. This one contains a collection of Paul's letters, and the editor very properly assumes that they are self-revelatory of their author, and accordingly treats them from that standpoint. The book constitutes a valuable commentary upon important phases of Paul's missionary labors.

The New and Living Hymns. No. 2. Compiled by John Wanamaker, John J. Hood: Philadelphia and Chicago. Price, 45 cents.

John R. Sweney, singer and composer, spent his last days in gathering and composing the hymns for this volume of sacred music, but was called away before he could complete his undertaking. He bequeathed the unfinished work to John Wanamaker, his friend, who has added the last touches and attended to its publication. The first volume of "New and Living Hymns," by Mr. Sweney, is very popular, and the second will undoubtedly win a place for itself in the hearts of Christian singers.

Notes on Epworth League Prayer-meeting Topics. Second Series. By Rev. Matthias S. Kaufman, D. D., and Rev. Charles Lyman Nye. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, 15 cents.

We have already made editorial mention of this excellent little booklet, and cannot add anything here further than to heartily commend it to all Epworthians. We are glad to note that it is being well received throughout the church and League.

The Practice of Immortality. By Washington Gladden. The Pilgrim Press: Boston.

A neatly bound and well-printed sermon of twenty-four pages in the Beacon Hill series. It is well adapted for the quiet hour or for gift purposes.

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Magazines

— Foremost among the many noteworthy and timely papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September is, "Of the Training of Black Men," by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Emily V. Mason gives Part I of "Memoirs of a Hospital Matron." Herbert W. Horwill outlines a plan for co-ordinating and elevating the educational system of the United States in his paper on "A National Standard in Higher Education." The other contributions include "Democracy and Society," Vida D. Scudder; "The Kansas of Today," Charles Moreau Harger; "A Bit of Unpublished Correspondence between Henry Thoreau and Isaac Hecker," E. H. Russell; "The New Navy," Talcott Williams; and "What Public Libraries are Doing for Children," Hiller C. Wellman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

— The first article in *Scribner's* for September is a very entertaining series of sketches entitled, "Prix de Rome Students at the Villa Medici," by Louis Edouard Fournier, with numerous illustrations by W. Glackens. "Through the Country of the King of Kings," by William F. Whitehouse, is a description of the people of Abyssinia and their peculiar customs. Walter A. Wyckoff contributes a paper on "Among Wake earners in London." The fiction and verse in this number are good. Mary R. S. Andrews begins the first part of "Vive L'Empereur," there are additional chapters of "Captain Macklin," by Richard Harding Davis; and short stories by James Barnes and James B. Connolly. J. M. Barrie's "Little White Bird" sketches are also noteworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York and London.)

— The special features of the *American Review of Reviews* for September are an illustrated account of the migration to northwestern Canada, by Cy Warman; a graphic summary of the present political situation in England, by W. T. Stead; character sketches of Baron Shibuzawa, known in this country as "the Pierpont Morgan of Japan," by "East Side," an article on "The Russian Jew in America," by "An Instance of Profit-Sharing," by Samuel Cabot; "The Bonus System of Rewarding Labor," by H. L. Gantt; "Improved Conditions in the American Farmer's Life," by Clarence H. Matson; "The Farmer's Balance Sheet for 1902," by William R. Draper; "The Diffusion of Agricultural Prosperity," by Prof. Henry C. Adams; "Fixing Nitrogen from the Atmosphere," by Thomas C. Martin. (Review of Reviews Co.: 13 Astor Place, New York.)

— "Will the Navel Disappear?" is the title of a timely and entertaining symposium in the *North American Review* for September. The contributors to this delightful feature are James Lane Allen, W. D. Howells, Hamlin Garland, H. W. Mable, and John Kendrick Bangs. Sidney Webster contributes a paper on "The New Philippine Government." Other meritorious contributions are: "Americans in Europe as Seen from a Consulate," H. G. Dwight; "Political and Economic Situation in Colombia," E. A. Morales; "The Law of Privacy," Elbridge L. Adams; "Sanitary Problems of Isthmian Canal Construction," Geo. M. Sternberg; "Management and Uses of Expositions," G. F. Kunz. (North American Review: New York.)

— Dr. James M. Ludlow, of East Orange, N. J., gives the second part of his "Moses—An Up-to-Date Statesman," in the *Homiletic Review* for September. This time he discusses "so-called modern regulations that date back to Moses." "The Gothic Bible" is described and discussed by Prof. Theodore W. Hunt, of Princeton. Dr. William W. McLane, of New Haven, writes on "The Salvation of Society" (Part I, "Man—A Social Being"); and Prof. Jesse B. Thomas, of Newton Theological Institution, discusses the question, "Must Protestantism Go?" The regular departments are well sustained. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York and London.)

— The leading articles in the *Missionary Review* for September are: "The True Story of Marcus Whitman," by Miss Belle M. Brain; "Aggressive Enterprise in Missions," Editor-in-Chief; "The Golden Opportunity in Korea," Horace G. Underwood, D. D.; "Religion in the Philippine Islands," Rev. Curtin G. Root; "The Religious Situation in Japan," the *Japan Mail*; "What We Might Do in India," James

L. Barton, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls: New York and London.)

What Ails the Magazines?

[From the *Springfield Republican*.]

THERE is an amusing directness in the answer which Walter H. Page, editor of the *World's Work*, makes to the question, "Why are the magazines not better?"

"That is, I suppose, why are they not more interesting to the intellectual class? I can answer that question with some feeling and with some accuracy. I am absolutely sure of this: the reason why they are not more interesting to the intellectual class is that the intellectual class does not write in a more interesting way."

Another answer, which magazine editors might not be so ready to assent to, would be that magazines are not more interesting to the intellectual class, because they are not edited with reference to the wants of that class. Mr. Page confesses that he has never seen a magazine that was more than a pile of debris, and one need not have his varied experience in magazine making to gain the same impression. A magazine for the intellectual class would not be a profit-

able investment, and even the readers for whom it was specially designed might prefer to spend 10 cents on a compilation of pictures of stage beauties and the latest thing in submarine boats, but there can be no question that it would be a much better magazine than most of those now printed. The long and the short of it is that the modern magazines are illustrated newspapers three months out of date, and offer neither opportunity nor incentive to literature. There are competent writers, there is even a genius or two living, but the exploitation of genius is the last thing that would occur to a magazine editor. Three-color prints are the thing nowadays.

The Renewal a Strain

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed by strawberries," have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

SOMETHING EXTRA

Start with the belief that a good Bedstead is worth almost any reasonable price you choose to put into it—always providing, of course, that the price is represented by actual value put into the goods.

Here is a Bedstead which represents Value Plus. It is a Bedstead with an "extra," with "something added," something that lifts it out of the ordinary and makes it unique.

This is instantly detected in the frame. The pillars are nearly two and a half inches in diameter; the filling is fifty per cent. thicker than usual; so are the sockets. The mounts are all of extra size, while the huskings are great collars of brass that are most imposing.

Such a Bedstead makes a most distinguished appearance in a room.



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Rugs, Draperies and Furniture

48 CANAL ST., BOSTON

LIKE

My sins are like an arrow-flight
That hurtles o'er the field,
Like arrows from an ambushade;
But God is like a shield.

My sins are like a wintry frost,
And slowly, one by one,
My joys and powers they seal in death;
But God is like a sun.

My sins are like a malady
Increasing through the years;
But like a good physician, He,
The healing God, appears.

My sins are like the ocean waves
That surge with angry shock,
The treacherous, inconstant wave;
But God is like a rock.

My sins are like a parched land
With thirst and hunger dead;
But like the living waters, God,
And like the living bread.

My sins are like a wandering
In deserts drear and cold;
But God is like a shepherd kind,
And God is like a fold.

Like all things hurtful, harsh, and foul,
Are these my ravaging sins;
But God is like all graciousness
That helps and heals and wins.

And yet without the loving Christ
And His compelling rod,
My heart would leap to follow sin
And disavow my God.

— Amos R. Wells.

THE "YALE BIBLE"

"ALUMNUS."

AN old college song which used to wake the echoes beneath the elms of New Haven ran:

"As Freshmen first we come to Yale,
Examinations make us pale!"

In those days of mixed memory the sophomore yell was liable at any moment to break in upon the stillness of freshman meditation, while hazings were frequent and exactions and impositions many.

Entrance examinations at Yale are still formidable, but serious hazing is a thing of the past. Nowadays the greeting received by the freshman even before he enters college takes the form of an address delivered at his preparatory school by some member of a "Deputation" sent out by the College Young Men's Christian Association to inform him regarding the intellectual, moral and social phases of Yale life, and there is placed in his hands a modest little book, bound tastefully in dark blue and with "Yale" stamped in gilt letters across its face. The book is of suitable size for carrying in the coat pocket, and is designed to serve as a *vade mecum* while in college. It is known among the students as the "Yale Bible." In it is a large amount of information which the young Yale man would do well to know, regarding the character and purposes of the College Young Men's Christian Association, its meetings and its missionary ministries, and also respecting Dwight Hall, its elegant home on the campus. A complete outline of the religious life and privileges of the University is afforded, and information is also supplied on such subjects as libraries, debating unions, athletics, the dining hall, infirmary, co-operative society, musical organizations, state and school clubs, student publications, instructors, text-books and first lessons, college customs, fire

alarms, stations, recitation schedule, and miscellaneous items, with blank space left for memoranda and cash account.

The distribution of a tasteful and handy booklet such as this must certainly be commended as a piece of intelligent Christian enterprise, worthy of being commended to other institutions for imitation. Its pages are wholly free from cant, while its evident purpose is to interest the incoming students in all that is pure and healthy in the college life and customs. It is a book prepared by college men for college men — as evidenced, for example, by the frank, artless way in which it deals with the question of college customs, pointing out that in order to avoid "embarrassment" and the stigma of "freshness," the freshmen will do well to observe such rules (established by the immemorial customs of the undergraduate world) as the following: Not to carry a cane before Washington's Birthday; not to talk to upper-classmen about college secret societies; not to study, read, or sleep during the chapel exercises; not to sit on the fence unless the freshman nine wins the baseball game from the Harvard freshmen; not to forget to rise for the "chant" at the opening both of the Sunday service and also of the week-day chapel; not to bow to the president at the close of morning chapel (since that privilege is reserved for seniors), and not to play ball or spin tops on the campus — this privilege also being reserved for seniors. The book also gives the correct form of the college cheer (the "Brekekekokoaks" chorus from the "Frogs of Aristophanes"), and conveys other tidbits of advice welcome to enthusiastic undergraduates.

Christianity when found at all in a college is of a manly, live type. The style existing at Yale is not Brahmanic but brotherly, not exclusive but inclusive, not pretentious but pervasive, and the animating spirit of the whole religious activity of the great institution is well described by the historic motto of the University itself, "Lux et Veritas," interpreted by the motto that is commended in the "Yale Bible," which declares, "One is your Master, even Christ."

"Yale Bibles," which are the product and output of such a spirit of consecrated and alert Christianity, are subject to no discount from criticism, either Higher or Lower!

WANTED: AN OLD-FASHIONED LIBRARIAN

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

I

OUR new librarian troubles me a good deal. I have not quite made out why. Perhaps it is because he has a kind of chipper air with the books. I am always coming across him in the shelves, but I do not seem to get used to him. Of course I pull myself together, bow and say things, make it a point to assume he is literary, go through the form of not letting him know what I think as well as may be, but we do not get on.

And yet all the time down underneath I know perfectly well that there is no real reason why I should find fault with him. The only thing that seems to be the matter with him is that he keeps right on, every time I see him, making me try to find fault with him.

I have had occasion to notice that, as a general rule, when I find myself finding fault with a man in this fashion — this vague, eager fashion — the gist of it is that I merely want him to be some one else. But in this case — well, he is some one else. He is almost anybody else. He might be a head salesman in a department store, or a hotel clerk, or a train dispatcher, or a broker, or a treasurer of something. There are thousands of things he might be — ought to be — except our librarian. He has an odd, displaced look behind the great desk. He looks as if he had gotten in by mistake and was trying to make the most of it. He has a business-like, worldly-minded, foreign air about him — a kind of off-hand, pert, familiar way with books. He does not know how to bend over — like a librarian — and when one comes on him in an alcove, the way one ought to come on a librarian, with a great folio on his knees, he is — well, there are those who think, that have seen it, that he is positively comic. I followed him around only the other day for fifteen or twenty minutes, from one alcove to another, and watched him taking down books. He does not even know how to take down a book. He takes all the books down alike — the same pleasant, dapper, capable manner, the same peek, and the same clap for all of them. He always seems to have the same indefatigable unconsciousness about him, going up and down his long aisles, no more idea of what he is about or of what the books are about; everything about him seems disconnected with a library. I find I cannot get myself to notice him as a librarian or comrade, or book-mind. He does not seem to have noticed himself in this capacity — exactly. So far as I can get at his mind at all, he seems to have decided that his mind (any librarian's mind) is a kind of pneumatic tube, or carrier system — apparently — for showing Immortals at people. Any higher or more thorough use for a mind, such as being a kind of spirit of the books for people, making a kind of spiritual connection with them down underneath, does not seem to have occurred to him.

Time was when librarians really had

AN OLD WAR

Pretty Near Time to Stop

Wouldn't it make your friend mad to tell her she was in reality a drunkard, but many women are drunkards unconsciously from the use of coffee, which wrecks their nervous systems, and they seem unable to reform.

A lady in Philadelphia, Pa., was very badly affected by coffee, causing her to have nervous prostration, and she finally woke up to the fact that she was in reality a coffee drunkard. Her doctor had told her that she must give up coffee, but she seemed unable to do it.

One day she read an advertisement about Postum Food Coffee and thought she would give it a trial. She says: "Coffee had such a strong hold on me, that at first I did not make it all Postum, but added a tablespoonful of coffee. After a while I quit putting coffee in at all, and soon found I felt much better. Continued use stopped my headaches and biliousness, and I soon noticed that my nervousness had evidently left me for good. Now I would not use anything else, and the smell of coffee makes me sick."

"I am using your Grape-Nuts also, and think it a wonderful food. I lately cured an attack of indigestion by eating nothing but Grape-Nuts and drinking Postum for two weeks and now I can eat solid food and feel no distress." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

something to do with books. They looked it. One could almost tell a librarian on the street — tell him at sight, if he had been one long enough. One could feel a library in a man somehow; it struck in. Librarians were allowed to be persons; it was expected of them. They have not always been what so many of them are now — mere couplings, conveniences, connecting-rods, literary-beltings. They were identified — wrought in with books. They could not be unmixed. They ate books; and, like the little green caterpillars that eat green grass, the color showed through. A sort of general brown, faded color, a little undusted around the edges, was the proper color for librarians.

It is true that people did not expect librarians to look quite human — at least on the outside, sometimes, and doubtless the whole matter was often carried too far. But it does seem to me it is some comfort (if one has to have a librarian in a library) to have one that goes with the books — same color, tone, feeling, spirit, and everything — the kind of librarian that slips in and out among books without being noticed there, one way or the other, like the overtone in a symphony.

No one can feel more strongly than I do my failure to put my finger on the letter of our librarian's faults. I cannot even tell the difference between the faults and the virtues of our librarian's assistants. Either by doing the right thing with the wrong spirit or the wrong thing with the right spirit they do their faults and virtues all up together. Their indefatigable unobtrusiveness, their kindly, faithful service, I both dread and appreciate. I have tried my utmost to notice and emphasize every day the pleasant things about them, but I always get tangled up. I have started out to think with approval, for instance, of the hush — the hush that clothes them as a garment — but it has all ended in my merely wondering where they got it and what they thought they were doing with it. One would think that a hush — a hush of almost any kind — could hardly help — but I have said enough. It is all intangible, and our librarian's assistants cannot possibly be blamed, in so many words, either for this or for any of the other things that seem to make them (in our library at least) more prominent than the books. Everything in a library seems to depend upon something in it that cannot be put into words. It seems to be a kind of spirit. If the spirit is the wrong spirit, not all the librarians in the world, not even the books themselves, can do anything about it.

It doesn't seem to make very much difference, their doing certain things or not doing them. They either do them or they

don't do them, whichever it is, with the same spirit. They are not really, down in their hearts, true to the books. One can hardly help feeling vaguely, persistently resentful over having them about. One never catches them, at least I never do, forgetting themselves. One never comes on one loving a book. They seem to be servants, most of them — book-chambermaids. They do not care anything about a library; they just seem to be going around remembering rules in it.

II

The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts as good as said the other day, when I had been trying, as well as I could, to express something of this kind, that the real trouble with the modern library was not with the modern library, but with me. He intimated that I was not made right; that I was incapable, helpless in a library; that I did not seem to know what to do unless I could have a simple natural or country relation to books.

"It doesn't follow," he said, "because you are bashful in a library, cannot get your mind to work there, with other people around, that the other people oughtn't to be around. There are a great many ways of using a library, and the more people there are crowded in with the books there, other things being equal, the better. It's what a library is for," he said, and a great deal more to the same effect.

I listened awhile and told him that I supposed he was right. I supposed I had naturally a kind of wild mind. I allowed that the more a library in a general way took after a piece of woods, the more I enjoyed it. I did not attempt to deny that a library was made for the people, but I did think there ought to be places in libraries — all libraries — where wild ones, like me, could go. There ought to be in every library some uncultivated, uncatalogued, unlibrarianed tract where a man with a skittish or country mind will have a chance, where a man who likes to be alone with books — with books just as books — will be permitted to browse, unnoticed, bars all down, and frisk with his mind and roll himself, without turning over all of a sudden only to find a librarian's assistant standing there wondering at him, looking down to the bottom of his soul.

I am not in the least denying that librarians are well enough — that is, might be well enough — but as things are going today, they all seem to contribute, somehow, toward making a library a conscious and stilted place. They hold one up to the surface of things, with books. They make impossible to a man those freedoms of the spirit — these best times of all in a library, when one feels free to find one's mood, when one gets hold of one's divining-rod, opens down into a book, discovers a new, unconscious, subterranean self there.

III

I suppose that the Boston Public Library would say — if it said anything — that I had a mere Old Athenæum kind of a mind. I am obliged to confess that I dote on the Old Athenæum. It protects one's optimism. One is made to feel there — let right down in the midst of civilization, within a stone's throw of the State House — that it is possible, barely possible, to keep civilization off. One feels it rolling itself along, heaping itself up out on Tremont Street and the Common (the very trees cannot live in it), but one is out of reach. When one has to live in civilization, as most of us do, nearly all one's time every day in the week, it means a great deal. I can hardly say how much it means to me, in the daily struggle with it, to be able to dodge behind the Athenæum, to be able to go in and sit down

there, if only for a minute, to be behind glass, as it were, to hear great, hungry Tremont Street chewing men up, hundreds of trainloads at a time, into wood-pulp, smoothing them out into nobody or everybody; it makes one feel, while it is not as it ought to be, as if, after all, there might be some way out, as if some provision had been made in this world, or might be made, for letting human beings live in it.

The general sense of unsensitiveness in a modern library, of hurry and rush and efficiency, above all the kind of moral snugness one feels there, the book-self-consciousness, the unprotected public street feeling one has — all these things are very grave and very important obstacles which our great librarians, with their great systems — most of them — have yet to reckon with. A little more mustiness, gentlemen, please, silence, slowness, solitude with books, as if they were woods, unattainableness (and, oh, will any one understand it?), a little inconvenience, a little old-fashioned, happy inconvenience; a chance to gloat and take pains and love things with difficulties, a chance to go around the corners of one's knowledge, to make modest discoveries all by one's self. It is no small thing to go about a library having books happen to one, to feel one's self sitting down with a book — one's own private providence — turning the pages of events.

One cannot help feeling that if a part of the money that is being spent nowadays in having a great many books, and in having a great many people to pile up order among a great many books, could be spent in providing small libraries, or small places in large ones, where men who would like to do it would feel safe to creep in sometimes and open their souls awhile — nobody looking — it would be no more than fair.

Postscript:

One has to be so much of one's time helpless before a librarian in this world, one has to put him on his honor as a gentleman so much, to expose such vast, incredible tracts of ignorance to him, that I know

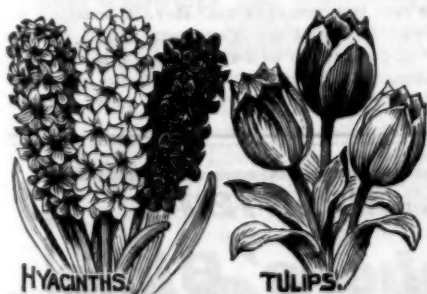
DO THE RIGHT THING

at the right time. For all who suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Flatulence; for all who are tortured and sickened by constipation; for all who have weak or diseased kidneys, inflammation of bladder or prostate gland, the right thing is to write immediately for a free bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It will be sent post-paid by return mail. The right time to do so is by the first mail after you read this.

Any reader of ZION'S HERALD may have a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y. It cures Catarrh, Indigestion, Flatulence, Constipation, weakness and disease of the Kidneys and Inflammation of the Bladder. Only one small dose a day does the work quickly, thoroughly and permanently. Perfect health and vigor are soon established by a little of this wonderful curative medicine.

Write for a free bottle and prove for yourself, without expense to you, the value of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for the cure of your ailments.

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By mail with cultural directions, for garden or pots.

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| 1 Golden Sacred Lily. | 3 Ixias, 3 sorts. |
| 2 Tulips, 1 double, 1 single. | 3 Sparaxis, 3 sorts. |
| 3 Narcissus, " | 3 Alliums, 3 sorts. |
| 4 Belgian Hyacinths. | 3 Tritelesia, white star. |
| 5 Grape Hyacinths. | 3 Saxifrage, double white. |
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| 7 Star of Bethlehem. | 5 Spanish Iris. |
| 8 Oxalis, 3 sorts. | 5 Freesia, mixed. |

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John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

only too well that I, of all men, cannot afford, in these columns or anywhere else, to say anything that will permanently offend librarians. I do hope I have not. If I have, I do not know all the facts. I am not a well-informed person, and I do not count anywhere in particular on anything. The best way, I suspect, for a library to deal with me is not to try to classify me. I ought to be put out of the way on this subject, tucked back into any general pigeon-hole of odds and ends of temperament. If I had not felt that I could be cheerfully sorted out at the end of this page, filed away by everybody—almost anybody—as not making very much difference, I would not have spoken so freely. There is not a librarian who has read so far as this, in this article, who, though he may have had moments of being troubled in it, will not be able to dispose of me with a kind of grateful, relieved certainty. However that may be, I can only beg you, O librarians, and all ye kindly learned ones, to be generous with me, wherever you put me. I leave a poor, naked, shivering, miscellaneous soul in your hands. — *Book Buyer.*

THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Concord District

Milan and Dummer. — The work of this charge continues interesting. One has been converted and baptized, and has joined on probation. The parsonage barn and shed have been shingled, and the question of what to do on the parsonage is under discussion. It certainly needs some improvements. Congregations are very good. At Dummer the entire work has now come into our hands. The work that has been for years carried on in the Wight district has been given up by those in charge, and at their unanimous request the pastor here takes it up. He divides the Sundays, going on one to this part of the town, and on the other to the Willis district where we have held services for some years. The thing that needs to be done is to build a chapel at some convenient point between the two school-houses and unite in a single service. There is a very hopeful prospect here for the extension of the work of God.

West Milan. — There is more to give hope here now than ever before. Other men have wrought faithfully, but nothing seemed to appear but a shadow. There is light ahead. The people have awakened to the absolute need of paying the debt on their property, which, at this time, with principal and interest, amounts to about \$1,400 — a very large sum for this little company; but all are of the opinion that "now is the accepted time," and they feel very sure of at least \$800 of the amount this time. Rev. George Hudson, the pastor, has won the people. His interest in the children has drawn them to him, and he is doing some good work in temperance teaching as well as gospel. He has a love for the beautiful and has turned the rough, gravelly ground of the churchyard into a bower of beauty by cultivating a handsome bed of flowers. The people are doing well on the claim, and would put to shame some larger charges that have paid very little, if any, more than is paid here. They are within eight dollars of being where they were at the third quarter last year. Everybody who knows this work will praise the Lord for the rays of light we see.

Highly Favored. — The Methodist churches of Bethlehem and Littleton have been favored with the presence and services of some of the strong men of the church. At the former place Bishop Foss has preached twice, and at Littleton the same — the first time coming and kindly offering his services when Rev. T. E. Cramer was greatly in need of help by reason of sickness in his home. At this place they had the pleasure of hearing, also, Dr. Olin A. Curtis, of Drew Theological Seminary, who spent a couple of weeks in town.

Expects to Leave Us. — We are sorry to lose

from our ranks Rev. W. S. Emery, the supply at Piermont. He has been persuaded by Rev. Fred E. White, a Western presiding elder, to go to Minnesota and take work there, with a considerable increase of support. He is a wide-awake young man, and we certainly wish him a career of great usefulness. Now who shall be the man to serve the church at Piermont?

Whitefield. — Having to wait forty minutes for a train, between 8 and 8.40 P. M., and discovering light in the church vestry, we ventured in, and found the Epworth League service in progress. Evidently they were having an excellent meeting. The topic, "Communion and Transformation," was fruitful of some good thought. We enjoyed about fifteen minutes of the meeting and then hurried off to the train.

B.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting. — The 67th meeting, just closed, began Aug. 24, and was in session eight days. For what appeared good reasons, we chose this late date at our meeting last spring; but the experiment will probably not be repeated. Many families were obliged to return home during the week to be ready for the opening of school. Still the audiences were larger than in many recent years.

The directors have of late years relieved the local pastor of pulpit duties during July and August. This has not been done because of any dissatisfaction with the pastor, Rev. R. S. Moore, who is a "workman needing not to be ashamed;" but the arrangement has given the people an opportunity to hear some of the men whom they might not otherwise hear.

This year we have had sermons from Bishops Mallalieu and Goodsell, Drs. J. M. King, M. S. Hard, and F. P. Parkin, of Philadelphia; Drs. J. W. Johnston, J. Krantz, R. S. Pardington, R. S. Bagnell, of New York; Drs. A. B. Sanford, George Adams, of Brooklyn; Dr. J. B. Faulk, of Madison, N. J.; E. M. Taylor, of Cambridge; F. C. Haddock, of Lynn, and S. M. Dick, of Providence, R. I. Dr. J. H. Willey, of Brooklyn, was to have preached Sunday, Aug. 31, but the sudden death of Mrs. Willey's mother on the 29th obliged him to decline, and his place was filled by Rev. Dr. Upham, the president, whose discourse was greatly inspiring and helpful. [See page 1165.] Drs. Parker and Taylor spoke respectively in behalf of the Woman's Home and Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies.

Dr. B. M. Adams, of Bethel, Conn., who had been selected to lead the meetings, was delayed by parish duties until Aug. 26. He gave a series of discourses on the nature and office of the Holy Spirit. He evidently aimed to stimulate the consecration of believers to the highest type of New Testament piety. Those who are acquainted with him will agree that there is but one B. M. Adams. He says that is true; and he adds that that is enough. His style is rugged and unique, like his personality. Those who had formed other conceptions of him were, of course, disappointed; but it is greatly hoped that many have gone home who, stimulated by his theme and his way of presenting it, will increasingly honor the Holy Spirit by the quality of their living.

Messrs. Meredith and Tuller, two accredited singing evangelists, led the young people's meetings and conducted the singing both there and in the larger congregations. These young people's meetings were never so successful as this year. These young men won all hearts

and the general desire is expressed for their return next year.

Dr. Adams' Bible readings held each morning were well attended, and were greatly profitable to many. The meeting closed with the administration of the Lord's Supper, Monday morning, Sept. 1, under Dr. Upham's direction. At the close he invited all to shake hands and bid each other "Godspeed."

The choice stereopticon entertainments given in the Tabernacle at intervals from July 2 to Sept. 4 have served to please and instruct large audiences. Among the very best of these were two by Rev. L. H. Dorchester, of Newton — "Beautiful Bermuda," and "Switzerland and Italy."

The frequent boats to the mainland, the balmy air, the excellent facilities for boating, fishing and bathing, and the frequent religious services, besides the regular camp-meeting, make this an ideal place for summering. Dr. Upham's good management left nothing to be desired.

W. T. WORTH.

Norwich District


Willimantic Camp-meeting. — The 42d annual gathering, anticipated with much prayer and great expectations, has come and gone, and God has again made it manifest that He is "the prayer-hearing and the prayer-answering God." Under the wise, tactful, consecrated, and brotherly leadership of Presiding Elder Bartholomew it was pre-eminently a spiritual and evangelistic meeting. Though the weather was cool and not always propitious, the attendance was good, the harmony and fellowship delightful, and the gospel of free and full salvation was proclaimed with no uncertain sound.

Aug. 17 was Missionary Day. In the morning the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society service was presided over by Mrs. Costello Lippitt, of Norwich. The expected speaker having been detained by sickness, Rev. W. S. McIntire, of New London, filled the place most acceptably, delivering a very practical and helpful address. In the afternoon Mrs. Rose Williams Couch presided at the meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Miss Ella M. Stanley, of Clark University, Atlanta, spoke most interestingly of the work accomplished, as did also Mrs. George M. Hamlen, of Mallalieu Seminary, Kinsey, Alabama.

On Monday, August 18, the annual convention of the District Epworth League was held, the district president, J. P. Kenny, of Hockanum, presiding. This new departure, for the consummation of which some of us have labored for several years, was successful in two important particulars: it brought a larger attendance of the League workers of the district to the convention, especially school-teachers who could not possibly attend such a gathering in October; it also gave a much larger attendance and interest to the opening days of the camp-meeting proper. Mr. M. Morgan, of New Britain, gave an earnest, practical address on "Christian Activity." Mr. Edmund D. Soper, of New York, had for his topic, "The Epworth League and the World." He stirred all hearts as he unfolded the missionary possibilities and responsibilities of the present hour. Miss Nellie Wood, superintendent of the Providence Deaconess Home, laid this most important and Christlike ministry upon our hearts in a very timely address. As the closing feature of the convention, Rev. Bardette B. Brown, of Hartford, gave an able lecture on "A Champion of Justice." Captain John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, was the subject of his portrayal. The new officers

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elected by the convention are: "President, Rev. H. E. Murkett, of Jewett City; vice-presidents, Frank M. Bennett, of Putnam, Miss Alice Hurlburt, of Gale's Ferry, J. R. D. Oldham, of Moosup, Mrs. Annie Adams, of New London; secretary, Rev. F. H. Spear, of East Glastonbury; treasurer, F. C. Presbrey, of Rockville; Junior League superintendent, Mrs. T. J. Everett, of South Manchester.

Bishop Mallalieu preached in the tabernacle, in the evening, the opening sermon of the camp-meeting proper, from the words: "O Lord, I have heard Thy speech and was afraid. O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy." (Habakkuk 3:2). This timely and practical setting forth of the dangers and possibilities of the hour, and the trumpet-call of this honored servant of God to Christians, young and old, to get down low, in order that they might measure up to their responsibility, gave the key-note to the meeting. Other preachers from abroad, whose messages were made mighty for good, were: Rev. Thos. Tyrie, of Attleboro, Mass.; Rev. A. S. Kavanaugh, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. John Pearce, of East Bridgewater, Mass.; and the preachers of Sunday, Dr. John Krantz, who preached both morning and evening sermons that will be long remembered, and Rev. C. H. Mead, D. D., of New York, the preacher of the afternoon, who, notwithstanding the fact that the great congregation of about three thousand persons was scattered by a heavy shower just before he began to preach, followed them to the tabernacle and spoke to the delight and profit of a crowded house.

The preachers of the district who were called upon to preach were no less signally helped of God in the discharge of their great commission. We mention only their names, in the order in which they appeared as Christ's ambassadors: Revs. W. P. Buck, I. L. Wood, R. E. Schuh, J. N. Patterson, E. S. Hammond, Charles Smith, E. McP. Ames, J. H. Newland, C. T. Hatch, W. F. Davis, and D. W. Adams. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. E. P. Phreaner, and Rev. Jacob Betts conducted a gate-meeting for the crowd on Sunday noon. Our Conference evangelist, Rev. James Tregaskis, did efficient service throughout the week in the distribution of tracts and personal effort for the salvation of souls. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many

days." The children's meetings, conducted by Mrs. Jane Reed and Mrs. Couch, were of unusual interest and power, as were also the Epworth League meetings held in the tabernacle at 6 P. M. Mr. E. M. Wheeler, of Providence, was again in charge of the singing, and Miss McIntire, of New London, presided at the organ. The altar work was conducted chiefly by the presiding elder, with tact, wisdom, and success. He avoided the too common mistake of wearying the people with extended remarks almost to the extent of a second sermon, but brought them promptly to the practical test of the truth proclaimed in the sermon. He also conducted the closing service at 6 o'clock Monday morning. Over two hundred were present, and his words of advice and counsel to the young converts and the Christians generally were warm with the earnestness and consecration of his own life for Christ and the church. It can hardly be otherwise than that Norwich District, and the regions beyond, will feel the influence of Willimantic camp-meeting in the weeks and months to come; and we ought to expect and realize a great spiritual ingathering, of which God has already given us the first-fruits.

Quarryville. — The fiftieth anniversary of this church was celebrated most successfully on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Presiding Elder Bartholomew preached in the morning from Psalm 119: 130. In the afternoon inspiring addresses were given by Dr. W. J. Yates, of Hazardville, and Rev. N. W. Deveneau, of Worcester. In the evening Rev. W. C. Newell, of Newport, Vermont, a former pastor, preached grandly on "The Heroism of the Cross," and closed with some very pertinent remarks on "What the Fifty Years are Telling." Mr. E. A. Brownell, in behalf of the church, presented the pastor, Rev. J. F. Alvey, with a beautiful framed picture, "The Return from Calvary." This gift was in grateful recognition of the untiring labors of the faithful and popular pastor for the spiritual and material interests of the church and community. Mr. Alvey expressed his appreciation of the remembrance in words fittingly chosen. Bountiful collations were served by the ladies on the lawn under the shade of the trees, and the whole affair, which marks a red-letter day in the history of the church, was a great success, reflecting credit both upon the pastor and people who have planned and labored for the success thus realized. A beautiful "Souvenir Program," giving a history of the church, an anniversary poem written by Mrs. Ellen S. Brownell, and other valuable information, was a feature of the occasion which will be preserved for the pleasure of coming days. The love-feast was led by Rev. D. G. Ashley, and was an hour of great blessing. We will pray with and for this devoted pastor and people that this great day may be only the forerunner of a very gracious spiritual visitation.

Lyme. — Rev. E. T. Smith has been appointed by the presiding elder preacher in charge, and entered upon his duties the last Sunday in August. We congratulate pastor and people, and pray that the union may receive the signal endorsement of the Head of the Church, in the outpouring of the Spirit.

SCRIPTUM.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Barre is pushing ahead in church life despite unprecedented turmoil in local and State politics. Extra seating is required in some of the regular services, and League meetings flourish even in the heat (none this year) of summer. Prayer-meetings are well sustained, and all interests are advancing. The pastor is back from his vacation with an abundance of work greeting him. Rev. J. A. Sherburn is again able to be in the church services, and occasionally to officiate for a stray hymeneal party. He declares that having worked hard and voted "straight" for our prohibitory law fifty years ago, when a young pastor in southern Vermont, he still holds to the old position, and sees no sense in a license law, or a referendum of such a measure to the people.

Newbury is advancing under the lead of Rev. D. C. Thatcher, who with his family has just returned from a two weeks' stay on Lyndonville camp-ground. All the family were very helpful both before and during the meeting, even little Arthur lending much of good cheer to the encampment. A fine advance is being made in the collections at Newbury, and a plan for

monthly union services with the Congregational Church has been inaugurated.

Island Pond reports gain, larger congregations, 25 per cent. gain in Sabbath-school, and an out-district school three miles on the Charleston road with an attendance of thirty to forty, some of whom had never been in Sabbath-school before. The former days, and yet better ones, are fast returning to this people. The pastor is held close to his somewhat isolated field on account of the precarious health of his wife, but he is abundant in labors and hopeful in the midst of discouragements.

East Lyndon is called to mourn one of its most helpful and devoted members — Mrs. Mable Way Smith, wife of John A. Smith, a brother of the late Rev. Geo. Crosby Smith, D. D. Mrs. Smith had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over fifty-five years, and one of the small band of workers at East Lyndon for almost forty years, where her children grew up, and her grandchildren found



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Lyndonville Camp-meeting.—The camp-meeting has come and gone. The weather was fine at the opening, and the grounds in better condition than for many years before. The new awning met all expectations save those of the Boston & Maine mechanics, who had cut a frame 83 feet long instead of 64, the actual stretch of the canvas. Perhaps that extension may be needed later. The goods were tested on Thursday and Friday by some of the severest showers ever scheduled in this latitude and stood the test perfectly.

The services of the meeting were, in general, of a high order. The W. C. T. U. ladies gave royal help on Tuesday evening and Wednesday, under the lead of the State president, Mrs. Ida H. Read. Mrs. Helen G. Rice gave a well-nigh matchless address on Prohibition Wednesday afternoon, and Mrs. Callie H. Howe was scarce a length behind the previous evening. Among sermons and Bible services of the first class are to be mentioned those by Revs. A. J. Hough, A. G. Austin, J. M. and T. P. Frost, but it is unwise to discriminate. All did particulary well. Only one man missed his assignment, and that man was sorely missed throughout. Rev. J. A. Dixon was unable to attend on account of his wife's health. He has never been absent before in all the years of his work, and all unite in the hope that he may not be again hindered. Rev. H. W. Worthen, D. D., of St. Johnsbury Centre, gave a unique and telling sermon Saturday morning from the text, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick"—a sermon characteristic of a man enamored of medicine, and bearing, *cum laude*, both M. D. and D. D. titles.

Sunday brought vast crowds as usual—many who could not be seated or even get within hearing of the main stand. Several of the preachers volunteered to address the crowd outside the circle, and did so, gaining some attention. The efforts of the day were hardly a success by present reckoning, but the final audit comes later. Rev. C. D. Lance and wife, with Miss Mary Knapp and Misses Avery and Bryant, did first-grade work with a class of about ninety juniors. J. O. S.

St. Albans District

Grand Isle.—Pastor Ross has recently returned from a trip up into Aroostook County, Maine, and has contributed to the local press an interesting article descriptive of the county and its products.

Highgate.—Rev. C. D. Pierce and family are spending two weeks in camp at Highgate Springs. Some fruit has been gathered since Conference on this rather discouraging field.

Morrisville.—Rev. M. S. Eddy and wife have been enjoying a well-earned two weeks' vacation in and around Boston.

Swanton.—Rev. F. T. Clark and family have been most cordially received by the people on this important charge. The extensive repairs on the parsonage, begun and nearly finished during the pastorate of Rev. S. H. Smith, have been completed. New rooms were provided, the pastor's study much improved, a fine bathroom put in, and the house generally beautified. To help in providing for the necessary expense, Pastor Clark gave a lecture on "Tennyson's Relation to Christianity," which was highly commended and netted a good sum. Mr. Clark is one of our most scholarly young men. The Epworth League has provided 100 copies of Sacred Songs, No. 2, for use in the social meetings. We are sorry to say that Mrs. Clark was quite seriously hurt in a runaway accident, which also exposed Mr. Clark and others. A more serious outcome was narrowly escaped. The sympathetic kindness of the people, both prompt and hearty, was gratefully appreciated by the sufferers.

Sheldon Camp-meeting.—Alternate days of rain and sunshine interfered somewhat with the attendance. Notwithstanding, a good number were present at each service. We are told that the meetings opened with souls at the altar and closed with the shout of victory as lost ones were saved. It was considered, on the whole, one of the best sessions of recent years. Presiding Elder Nutter is a wise and aggressive leader, keeping the work well in hand, constantly on the lookout to make the meetings

the largest success possible, [and at the same time thoughtful of the comfort of those present. The pastors on the district stood ready to second his efforts and to respond to his calls. Rev. A. W. Ford had charge of the singing, which means, to all who know him, that the work was well and enthusiastically done. His son assisted with the cornet, a valuable help on a campground.

Wednesday afternoon was devoted to temperance, with short addresses by Rev. Messrs. Nutter, Stanley, Smithers and Hunt, these four stepping into the gap made by the failure of Hon. Frank Plumley to appear. A large number of voters are evidently being deceived by the sophistries and fallacies of the enemy. How any Christian man can vote for high license is more than I can see.

Thursday afternoon Mrs. T. J. Everett, of Connecticut, gave a helpful address in the interests of the W. H. M. S. work. Friday afternoon Rev. G. W. Hunt gave a stirring address for the W. F. M. S. Mrs. Nutter ably mapped the collection, securing nearly \$50.

Sunday being pleasant, large congregations were present. Rev. A. L. Cooper, D. D., Conference evangelist, conducted the love-feast at 9 o'clock. Rev. C. S. Nutter, D. D., preached in the morning, Rev. G. W. Hunt in the afternoon, and Rev. W. P. Stanley in the evening. It was a good day and rich in results. Miss Fendrick, a deaconess from Boston, was present several days and conducted helpful services.

An effort is being made to purchase the grounds. If this can be done, it will secure the element of permanency which will doubtless result in more cottage-building and other improvements.

Personal.—Announcement comes from Milton of the death of Mrs. Maria E. Robinson, widow of the late Rev. W. C. Robinson, Sept. 4, at the age of 70 years. Mrs. Robinson had been sick for several weeks.

Rev. Clark Wedgworth, of Swanton, is supplying the pulpit at St. Albans Bay during the absence of Rev. A. C. Dennett on his vacation in New Jersey. RUBELI.

Montpelier District

Brownsville.—Rev. F. H. Roberts has recovered from his injury received earlier in the year, and is now busy with the many duties of his large parish. A grand opening is here presented for a forward move. Our church is the only one ministering to this people. During the recent visit of the presiding elder one of our most useful members, Sister J. B. Hammond, was lying at the point of death, having been a great sufferer for several weeks.

West Berlin.—This charge reports the work in a prosperous condition. Two have recently been received on probation.

Randolph Centre.—Rev. L. N. Moody writes that repairs on the church have been completed and the congregation once more worships in this church. The main audience-room and vestibule and cloak rooms have been frescoed and painted, the carpets and matings put in order, and walks laid from the street to both doors. The decorating was done by Mr. Wilson, whose work on our churches at St. Albans and Randolph has been so satisfactory. The pastor and people of this small church are to be congratulated on the success of this undertaking. All bills will be paid before the end of the year.

Bellows Falls.—Rev. L. O. Sherburne finds here a broad field for labor and is industriously cultivating it. Several have been received on

probation already, among the number a goodly proportion of heads of families. The time has come when this people must arise to their opportunity. We expect a decided advance to be made here during this pastorate, which will place it among the first appointments of the Conference.

Claremont Junction Camp-meeting.—Our annual gathering is past. The weather was not favorable for large companies. The backward season prevented the farmers from being present, as many were not through haying, yet the attendance compared favorably with former years. Those who came were helped, but there was heard on every side the question as to the wisdom of continuing the effort in the present form. W. M. N.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bangor District

Littleton Camp-meeting began Aug. 9, and continued until Sunday evening, Aug. 25. Cold, wet weather prevailed nearly the whole time. A most excellent spirit was shown through the entire two weeks. A steadily rising tide of spiritual power was manifest till the very end, when Sunday closed with marked power. Rev. W. D. Parr, of the Church Extension Society, Rev. H. E. Foss, of Arch St., Philadelphia, Rev. F. J. McConnell, of Cambridge, Rev. C. C. Phelan, of Lewiston, Rev. L. W. Staples, of Waltham, and Rev. E. M. Taylor, of Cambridge, were the helpers from abroad. All of these rendered very acceptable service. The work of Miss Mary Fisk among the children was commendable and helpful in sweetness and patience. The work of the preachers was characterized by great faithfulness and earnestness. The board of trustees is bearing the financial burden with heroic faith in the good of the ground to the cause of Christ and Methodism in Aroostook County. May the tribe of such as these increase! Nearly forty different preachers visited the meeting and bore some part in the services. The task of caring for the meeting for so long a time was greatly lightened by the faithfulness and brotherliness that prevailed among all, both preachers and laymen. It was a unanimous verdict: "We have had a good meeting."

After the Sunday evening service the elder was invited into a cottage where were assembled a company of people. When there was silence Rev. F. H. Osgood said: "Mr. Presiding Elder, stand up and answer for your deeds before this company!" This was a startling announcement, but feeling sure of his friends, the elder stood up, when Mr. Osgood, in the name of friends, presented him with a purse of more than \$50 to make possible a trip to the great Missionary Convention at Cleveland in October. It is hoped that the elder will be able to show by his service better thanks than a halting tongue could give. BRIGGS.

Bucksport District

East Machias Camp-meeting.—Our annual feast has come and gone. The State fair at Bangor, with the opportunity of seeing President Roosevelt, had a tendency to decrease the aggregate attendance, but all seemed to agree that it was the best meeting on the grounds for years. The pastors were in attendance in large numbers, and it was a most delightful sight for the people to see every preacher on hand at the 8 A. M. pastor's prayer service, followed by the people's Bible reading, conducted by the presiding elder. The following ministers preached: Revs. M. F. Bridgman, F. L. Hayward, Jos. Jackson, O. G. Barnard, F. D. Handy, S. A.

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Bender, N. La Marsh, A. B. Carter, J. H. Irvine, O. A. Goodwin, G. H. Hamilton, R. E. Smith, E. H. Boynton, and S. O. Young, and Miss Thompson. The influence of this meeting was felt throughout the day. Police work was at a discount, except a little on the outskirts, where Mr. John Higgins and his aids played good "short-stop" on two or three would-be whiskey peddlers.

The boarding house, conducted by J. H. Bell, received great praise. The music, led by Rev. O. A. Goodwin, delighted everybody. Miss Nellie Thompson made a large place for herself in the hearts of all, and will not lack calls to evangelistic work for this Conference year. Some one was saved at every altar service. It was a beautiful sight to all, on the last day, when a Boston millionaire bowed at the altar and prayed for his own son; and, best of all, his prayers were answered. The last meeting was a great uplift to all, and closed with a gray-haired man and a young lad kneeling side by side at the altar. The first person to take part in this last meeting, who declared she was fully saved, ready to live or ready to die, fell ill during the night and with a cheerful good-by passed from the camp-ground she loved so well to the glory-land. We expect to hear from this camp-meeting all over the district. May God grant it, is our prayer.

FRANK LESLIE.

Rockland District

Camp-meetings.—There is only one camp-meeting held by Methodists within the limits of the Rockland District since the change made last spring by Bishop Walden; but we were privileged to attend and share in the conduct of the meeting at the old and evermore delightful camp-ground at Northport. Fifty preachers were present during the week. The preaching, for plain, forceful, incisive presentation of gospel truth, was never surpassed. The social services were spirited and helpful. The general feeling was that the week's services were equal to the best ever held on this historic ground by the sea. Revs. I. H. W. Wharf, F. L. Hayward, and Thos. F. Jones were the leaders. The presiding elder of the Bucksport District will doubtless report the meeting more in detail, as it was held in the limits of his district.

The camp-meeting at Nobleboro was held for the second time over Sunday. While the attendance was smaller than in many former years, a most excellent interest prevailed; and though two of the announced speakers for Education day did not appear (on account of sickness), and kindly brethren were obliged to fill the gap without expectation, there was not a dull service during the week. Rev. L. G. March, who was to have charge of the music, was prevented by typhoid fever; but Rev. George Reader, with his excellent wife at the organ, led the song services well. Others aided. The preaching was all that could be asked. Thirty-five preachers were present. Of these Revs. T. W. Hunter, E. M. Taylor, D. D., George M. Bailey, J. W. Day, C. F. Parsons, A. H. Hanscom, George Hanscom, F. Palladino, T. A. Hodgdon, George R. Palmer, A. E. Luce, John Collins, H. G. Holsington, F. A. Martyr, A. J. Lockhart, and W. S. Jones, D. D., preached or made live addresses on live themes. The inimitable and thrilling address by Rev. John Collins, of Somersworth, N. H., on the "Saving of Calais"—an unwritten chapter of the war of the Rebellion—will long be remembered by those who heard it. The historic fact should be more widely known, and Mr. Collins' services should be recognized by the State of Maine. The Association voted to hold the meeting next year on the last full week in August, to begin Monday night and close Friday night. A committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of Revs. F. Palladino, A. H. Hanscom, and T. A. Hodgdon, with the presiding elder, *ex-officio* chairman. Also a committee to confer with the board of trustees as to ways and means was appointed.

Revs. L. L. Hanscom, D. D., J. W. Day, and A. E. Luce.

Randolph.—The work on this charge, which has suffered most grievously for a year or more past, is being gathered together and organized most hopefully by the wise and patient endeavor of Rev. H. G. Holsington. Congregations are good, social services are well attended and of excellent spirit, the Sabbath-schools are getting into form, and the whole outlook is encouraging.

Woolwich.—Rev. L. G. March, who for some weeks has been laid aside by sickness of a severe type, is, we trust, on the gain, though slowly. The work can but suffer during his enforced absence from it. But a kind and sympathizing people are "holding the fort" as well as possible till their pastor shall recover health and strength, and praying for his rapid recuperation.

Georgetown and Arrowsic.—The church and people are well pleased with their "new minister," Rev. F. Augustus Martyr, who comes to us from Newfoundland. Mr. Martyr is taking a strong grip upon the work. An aggressive, thoroughly evangelical man, by the grace of God he will prove to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

South Thomaston.—A recent event of great interest to pastor and people has occurred. A third party has come to the parsonage home in form of a little daughter to the delighted occupants. Congratulations to Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Baker, we are sure, will be welcome.

Thomaston.—Much to encourage, much to discourage, but courageous souls will win the day. With the lifting of the debt last year—a debt that had long crushed courage, and almost life—the prospect seemed inviting, and Rev. A. H. Hanscom laid hold of the work with characteristic vigor. But a recent decision of the law court throws another debt of nearly a thousand dollars upon this church. Those who profess to know feel that the justice in the case is very dubious. But Mr. Hanscom is busy raising money to paint and repair and beautify the church, and is succeeding. Thomaston will not fall nor be discouraged. Thomaston will do what she feels to be her unjust, though (as the law goes in this case) her legal duty, and in time will rise again out of the slough of debt. The church is enjoying religion and is pushing onward and upward.

T. F. J.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Fairfield.—Prosperity is stamped on the labors of Rev. G. R. Palmer. We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath with this brother on his charge recently, and greatly enjoyed the privileges of the day. For a midsummer Sunday the congregations were large at every service. The love-feast was inspiring, and the baptism of two candidates in the Kennebec River, at noon, was a very impressive occasion, made more so by the fact that one of the men was sixty-two years of age. We noticed a marked increase of interest at the Centre, an outpost of work. Finances are well up, the pastor nearly paid to date, and several of the benevolent collections have been taken. The Sunday we were there many attractions were near at hand, including a camp of Seventh-day Adventists; but Mr. Palmer has a loyal people, who remained at home. The pastor and his wife are greatly loved by this church and community. The work is on the up-grade.

Industry.—Rev. C. O. Perry has proved himself to be the right man in this place and Starks for the past sixteen months, and the people are very sorry that he cannot serve them longer; but he feels that God calls him to a better preparation for the work, and so he has left the field to attend our school at Kent's Hill. He has done splendid work. God has blessed his labors in the conversion of a goodly number of souls, several reclamations, and the settlement of old

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Say you saw it in ZION'S HERALD.

church feuds. He and his good wife are greatly loved by this people. Here is a chance for a young man who has religion and is willing to work for small pay as far as dollars are concerned, but big pay in love and sympathy from a good people. Industry and Starks furnish as much of this commodity as charges which pay larger salaries, so what they lack in dollars they make up in devotion to their pastor. If any young minister who reads these lines wishes to know about this charge, with a thought of taking this work, let him write the presiding elder of Augusta District at Waterville.

Bingham, Mayfield and Moscow.—None have worked harder, and perhaps none have been better rewarded for their labors, than Rev. Fred McNeill, the pastor of this large field. The reward has not been so much in dollars, although the people have cheerfully paid him far beyond his expectations, as in the regenerated souls which the Lord has given him as seals of his ministry. For seven months this faithful young man has gone in and out among the people exhibiting such a godly life that he has won the respect of the whole country side in which he has labored. One of the most barren fields in our district, and perhaps in the whole Conference, has borne fruit under his labors, to the astonishment of everybody who is acquainted with the conditions and the people. Many have been converted, which will not only add numerical strength to the church, but will be a mighty power, under God, in bringing others into the fold of Christ, and will increase the financial support. Though yet small and feeble, it has wonderfully encouraged the few who have clung to the thought that good things would yet come to the struggling church at Bingham. It is a great grief that Mr. McNeill is to leave them to attend school, but, like Mr. Perry, he considers it is what he ought to do in order to be better prepared to preach and teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. However, at the earnest solicitation of his congregation, he will supply them for a time once in two weeks, the Christian people having pledged themselves to maintain religious services in his absence. May the Lord keep these godly young men in health and grace for greater work in the vineyard of the Lord!

North Anson Camp-meeting.—It can never be written by human hand—an account of the good done at this camp-ground the last week in August, 1902. From the beginning, on Monday evening, till the close on the following Sunday evening, manifestations of the Divine power and presence were evident. The camp was in charge of the presiding elder, and no leader was more ably assisted than he. Dr. E. S. Dunham was the human principle in the work. No

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral
quiets tickling throats. Your
doctor will explain this. He
knows. Trust him. Lowell, Mass.

J. C. Ayer Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

clearer exposition of the Scripture was ever given at a camp-meeting, we think, and no sermons were ever preached in greater demonstration of the Spirit. There were a large number of preachers on the ground, and all were at the disposal of the manager of the meeting for work — Rev. Messrs. Lewis, Cashmore, Canham, Palmer, Onstott, Dunnack, Leech, Adams, Scott, Ryder, Holmes, Lord, Butterfield, Purinton, Perry, McNeill, Moulton, Berry, and perhaps others. While all could not preach, because of lack of opportunity, all were ready for work, whatever it might be. The preachers were Rev. Messrs. Butterfield, Berry, Holmes, Lord, Adams, and Dunnack, in the order named, beginning Tuesday morning. Dr. Dunham preached every afternoon and evening. The music was in charge of the leader of the camp-meeting. The love-feast at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, led by the presiding elder, was one never to be forgotten by those who were present, 120 testimonies being given. There was perfect harmony among the preachers, and a deep religious interest prevailed throughout the entire week. Scores of Christian people were greatly helped by Dr. Dunham's teaching, and a large number were converted — ten from one charge. Everything conspired to make this a notable camp-meeting. The weather was all that could be desired — bright and clear sunshine, but not so hot as to be uncomfortable. The kind spirit manifested by the ministers is to be justly coveted by any presiding officer. Perhaps during the week the crowd was not as large as on former occasions, but on Sunday the people came; nearly twelve hundred tickets were sold, swelling the attendance to nearly two thousand people. We think the order for this day and the week was beyond anything we ever saw, especially on Sunday, when the great crowd was there.

Excellent reports come from the camps at *East Livermore* and *Strong* — large attendance at each, with many saved and sanctified. Any camp that can secure the services of Dr. Dunham for another year will make no mistake.

C. A. E.

Lewiston District

Richmond Camp-meeting.— The 35th annual meeting held on this ground began Aug. 8 and closed Aug. 18. This camp-meeting was organized in 1868, and was chartered for the propagation and maintenance of Methodist doctrine and the spread of Scriptural holiness, to accommodate and help the Methodist societies lying on both sides of the Kennebec River and the adjoining country from Boothbay to Winslow, and from Bath to Skowhegan. It has been the scene of wondrous triumphs of grace, and many on earth and in heaven date their conversion and their sanctification from this sacred spot. It has had great preachers and powerful preaching, with wonderful results. Among the preachers we recall Randall, Munger, C. F. and S. Allen, Inskip, Pomeroy, Dunn, Boole, McDonald, Maclean, Geo. Pratt, Ammi Prince, Maggie Van Cott, and not the least, though last on the list, "Camp-meeting John" Allen. Of later date from the Maine Conference we recall Bolton, Martin, Ladd, Adams, Pottle, Rogers, McIntire, Haddock. Most of these have passed to the church triumphant; four have gone to other Conferences; three are still efficient in the service of the church in the Maine Conference, and each of these has been, or is, presiding elder.

The meeting just closed was in some respects the best that has been held here for the past ten years. Numbers were larger, especially on the last Sunday. There was better order, behavior was more decorous — less boisterousness, no screeching. The singing, led by a female quartet, was sweetly, at times meltingly, rendered, causing tremulous emotions to swell in many

Millions to Test It

Every reader of ZION'S HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of Liquid Veneer by writing to the manufacturers and mentioning this paper. This is a new discovery which renews the finish of all furniture, pianos and woodwork by cleaning, disinfecting and veneering it at the same time, leaving it in the same brilliant, glistening condition of newness as when leaving the factory. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Manufacturing Company, Buffalo, N. Y., for a sample bottle of Liquid Veneer. It will be sent absolutely free and postage prepaid. A child can successfully apply it.

breasts and the eyes to moisten with tears. They, however, found influences at work that counteracted all the good they could do, and so left. An improvised choir led in the balance of the services, and did good work.

The sermons preached by members of the Maine Conference were able, clear expositions of divine truth, enforcing duty and holding out the highest privileges of the Christian life with such sweetness and unction that many were induced to believe and enter into their enjoyment. The young people's meetings were conducted by Rev. A. A. Kidder and wife, of Springfield, Mass., and were largely attended and productive of encouraging results — seventeen having started and entered into the joy of pardoned sin. Three of these were children of Mr. and Mrs. Kidder, whose cup of joy was filled to overflowing, in which joy every believer present congratulated them. The leader of the meeting was Rev. I. T. Johnson, of Johnson, Vt. Whether Mr. Johnson is a Methodist or not, we are somewhat in doubt. By his statement of his doctrine we would be inclined to suppose he is; by his attitude toward the Methodist Episcopal Church, some of its Bishops, the editors of its papers, its Book Concern, and ZION'S HERALD, we should rather think he is not. This latter conviction is strengthened by the men whom he had selected as his chief helpers — Rev. L. C. Pettit, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Rev. B. S. Taylor, of Mooers, N. Y. Mr. Pettit did not appear; Mr. Taylor did. Mr. Pettit withdrew from the Troy Conference in 1895 under censure, and is now pastor of an independent pentecostal church, and has no affiliation with the Methodist Episcopal Church; hence we think it was well he did not come. Mr. Taylor, however, was on hand, though he feared he would not be present, as he intended to employ his time in Vermont in the interests of prohibition. He is a man of fixed ideas, of positive character, of indomitable courage, of bold and rude and sometimes insulting speech. He told his audience at an evening meeting during the week that he used slang, of which he had been accused, to suit his hearers. He is a very outspoken advocate of entire sanctification. He says he enjoys it; he claims that his heart is white; that he is not conscious of sin nor of sinning; that he lives under the control of the Holy Spirit; that he is possessed of the love that "does not behave itself unseemly," that "vaunteth not itself," "that thinketh no evil," that "seeketh not its own," that "bear-eth all things." Blessed state indeed, if confirmed in action, word, and spirit. The difficulty with us, and many others who heard and saw, was to make rude, insulting speech, coarse jest, ribald song, sly innuendo, self-praise, and a censorious spirit, agree with such a claim of sanctity and oneness with Christ. When, addressing the congregation in which were men and women of larger experience than he in the deep things of God, he said that he could not preach the deep truths of the Gospel to them because they could not understand them, it seemed to us to savor at least of the knowledge that puffeth up!

But the climax of this man's effrontery was reached Sabbath afternoon as the multitude was gathering for worship. Mr. Taylor seated himself at the organ, and sang a ribald negro campaign song, ostensibly in favor of prohibition. Our ear caught the chorus, which if heard correctly (if incorrectly, we hope Mr. Taylor will correct us, and send the whole of that song, as he sang it, to ZION'S HERALD), ran:

"Shell 'em, boys, shell 'em!
Give it 'em hot and strong;
Shell 'em, boys! shell 'em!
The battle won't be long."

In the course of this song a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was introduced and held up to the contempt of the audience. His name was not used, but as the singer had previously named Bishop Foster as recreant to his pledge, it was surmised that he was to be "shelled." Then came the editor of the *Christian Advocate* — Buckley — the editor of the *Pittsburg Advocate* — Smith — both named in the song for the derision of the promiscuous multitude and the "shelling" process. Then — "Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor be not thou united" — the name of the martyred McKinley was flung out to be laughed at, scorned, and trodden down by the multitude if they would, while he sang of "McKinley beer and gin." At this point a preacher on the platform jumped

to his feet and entered his protest against such an infamous travesty of worship and insult to decency. The congregation clapped and shouted. Nevertheless Mr. Taylor continued his song, improvising a stanza in which the "little preacher" was introduced for the sport of the audience, and the chorus, "Shell 'em, boys, shell 'em," was again sung. And we are pained to say that Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the leader, sang this chorus in its several repetitions, and Mr. Johnson abetted the whole performance by saying "he had learned, while he saw and heard a great many things he did not like, to take no notice of them," adding that the preacher who protested had no right to interrupt the meeting. Thus he took notice of something he did not like, making it appear that he did like the rest of it, which was further apparent when, to justify Mr. Taylor's attack on the *Advocate*, he proceeded to accuse ZION'S HERALD of not being true to its office and purpose.

We believe that no self-respecting Methodist minister — certainly no member of the Maine Conference — will countenance such men, nor aid in sustaining a meeting in which they are to lead or co-operate. If these men are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, they should be called to the bar of the church for sowing dis-

October Weddings

Our recent importations include the newest designs of **China and Glassware** from the best English, French and Austrian Potteries and Glass Factories adapted to **Wedding and Complimentary Gifts**. All grades, from the ordinary up to the most expensive to be found on sale in this country. Seekers for cabinet specimens of rare glass will find choice novelties now on exhibition on the main floor tables and also in the Art Pottery Rooms.

The display of rich Porcelain Plates from Minton, the Royal Worcester and Cauldon Potteries was never more comprehensive. In the **Dinner Set Department** will be seen the newer designs, also the old standard patterns. "Dresden Meissen," "Worcester Mulberry Lace," "Old Blue Canton," and other old designs sold by the set or in separate pieces. More than 50 stock patterns to choose from, ranging from Dinner Sets costing from \$10 up to the most costly specimens, and being regular stock patterns they can be matched for years to come, an advantage appreciated by experienced housekeepers.

Seekers after the newer shapes of glassware will find the best products of American factories as well as the English, French and Austrian. Our stock in the various departments was never larger, more valuable and comprehensive at this season than now.

One price in plain figures, and we are not undersold if we know it.

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sension by improper words and actions, or for improper words and action.

OBSERVER.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Cambridge District

Newton. — Mr. and Mrs. Levi L. Tower will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Monday evening, Sept. 15, at 78 Newtonville Avenue, Mt. Ida, Newton.

Lynn District

Newburyport. — On Sept. 1, at Asbury Grove, in the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Small, of Gloucester, Mr. Calvin E. Currier and Mrs. Betsey H. Wells, both of Newburyport, were united in marriage, the officiating clergyman being Rev. J. Candlin, of Reading, assisted by Rev. A. D. Gorham, of Wenham. Miss M. W. Porter was the attendant of the bride. The bridal party stood beneath an arch of ferns and flowers, and the ring ceremony was performed. Many friends were present, and about twenty-five young ladies dressed in white stood on the piazza beneath the American flag, which lent additional interest to the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Currier left on the 7.30 train for their home in Newburyport.

Money for Sterling Camp-ground. — At the close of last summer's season the wives of the trustees of Sterling Camp-ground met together and formed themselves into an organization, having for its object the raising of money to decrease the debt upon the camp-ground. By means of an appeal to the ladies of different churches a goodly sum was raised, which was supplemented this summer by private gifts from individuals. The response from the churches was as follows: Worcester, Trinity, \$50; Park Ave., \$23; Clinton, \$20; Spencer, \$20; Fitchburg, First Church, \$16.25; Leominster, \$15; Webster, \$12; Ashburnham, \$7; and \$5 each from Shrewsbury, Athol, Waltham (First Church), Oakdale, and Worthen St. and Central, Lowell; from Berlin, Lunenburg and Townsend, \$6.75; making a total of \$200 from the churches. The response from individuals was as follows: Mrs. H. C. Graton, \$25; \$5 each from Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney, Mrs. E. N. Choate, Mrs. James Hunt, Mrs. L. T. Jeffs, Mrs. J. A. Dunn, Mrs. J. Peterson, Mrs. J. H. Mansfield, Mrs. H. W. Chase, Mrs. Geo. M. Smiley, and in memory of Mrs. Dwight Smith; \$2 each from Mrs. W. W. Coburn and Mrs. A. O. Thomas; \$1 dollar each from Mrs. W. S. Jagger and Mrs. W. J. Hambleton; making a total of \$82 from private sources.

MRS. JAMES MUDGE, Sec.

Killed by Kindness

"KILLED by kindness" might be the epitaph on many a tombstone. How often has not merely the sick person, but the tired, the distraught, the nerve-shaken, craved as the greatest boon his imagination could suggest, the privilege of quiet, of that solitariness which for many has such terrors. A young man suffering from nervous trouble recently was the recipient of the most anxious care from his affectionate parents. The doctor visited him at all hours. A trained nurse occupied the same room with him. Solicitous friends hovered over him. One night he disappeared, and for ten days continuous search was made, while the gravest fears were entertained. At the end of that time a board was discovered removed

How a Woman Paid Her Debts

I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer, and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of any one who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particulars. They will start you in business in your own home.

L. A. C.

from an entrance into a low lean-to of the barn, and there he was found. He had rested there, stealing out in the night to visit his mother's pantry, and returning for seclusion and quiet. The experience had materially helped his unsettled condition. He found himself approaching distraction through over-solicitous care of affectionate friends, and he only avoided it by taking his case into his own hands. Rest is a great remedy, but rest means more than one thing. It does not mean simply lying in bed or swinging in a hammock, but repose of mind and tranquillity of spirit, and the next time the "Listener" feels prompted to visit a sick friend he may have quite a debate with himself as to whether he cannot do him a greater kindness by remaining away. — "LISTENER," in Boston Transcript.

The beginning of autumn is always the opening of activity in the china and glass shops, and as the fashion for better table furnishings has grown of late, the crockery dealers have assembled in their stocks more and more attractive designs, so that in such an extensive exhibit as is shown in the establishment of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton, occupying as they do seven floors, it is an interesting establishment in which to pass an hour, and they are glad to show their exhibits whether to buyers or those interested in seeing choice ceramics and bric-a-brac.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Religious Conference for Ministers at Worcester, Sept. 22-24
Augusta Dist. Min. Asso. at Winthrop, Sept. 29-Oct. 1

GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE. — The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Albany, N. Y., Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 10 a. m.

A. B. LEONARD,
H. K. CARROLL,
HOMER EATON.

BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING. — The Boston Preachers' Meeting will resume next Monday, Sept. 15. Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., of Ruggles St. Baptist Church, this city, will be the speaker. The public are cordially invited.

For pimples, blotches, bad complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take — it has established this fact.

CAMBRIDGE DISTRICT LEAGUE. — A conference of "Epworth League Workers" will be held at Immanuel Church, Waltham, Sept. 25, afternoon and evening. Rev. F. J. McConnell, of Harvard St., Cambridge, will give the address in the afternoon and Rev. Franklin Hamilton, president of the First General Conference District, in the evening.

VOLUNTEER TEACHERS WANTED. — We are in need of a teacher of dressmaking and also of millinery, for classes of working-girls at the Epworth Settlement this winter. The classes will meet in the evening, once or twice a week. Miss Helen M. Newell will be glad to give further information to any lady who would like to undertake this work. Address,

EPWORTH SETTLEMENT,
36 Hull St., Boston.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

GENEROUS OFFER. — P. A. Poland, 32 Hartwell St., Roxbury, has a Smith's American organ which he would like to donate to some society or Sunday-school. It is in good tone and order.

ANNIVERSARY AT ALLSTON. — The thirtieth anniversary supper of the Allston Church will be held Wednesday evening, Sept. 17, at 6.30 o'clock. A special invitation is extended to all former members of the church.

J. E. WATERHOUSE, Pastor.

W. F. M. S. — Will those ladies of the W. F. M. S., who sent goods for the foreign field and have not forwarded freight for the same, please send at once to Room 16, that the account may be closed before the annual meeting?

JULIA F. SMALL, Com.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT LEAGUE. — The annual convention of the New Bedford District Epworth League is announced for Thursday, Oct. 23, at Pleasant St. Church, New Bedford. Rev. Franklin Hamilton, president of the First General Conference District, will be the evening speaker.

Terrible Cancer of the Breast Cured by Anointing with Oils

24 Portsmouth Terrace,
Rochester, N. Y., May 15, 1902.

DR. D. M. BYE CO.:

GENTLEMEN: I am happy to report, after persistent use of your remedies, my wife is completely cured of the cancer in her breast. I want to congratulate you on the wonderful discovery you have made in the treatment of cancers, hitherto considered an incurable disease.

Respectfully yours,
JESSE W. HATCH.

Dr. D. M. Bye's Combination of Oils cures Cancer, Tumors, Piles, Eczema, Skin, Blood and Womb diseases. Doctors, lawyers and ministers of the Gospel have been cured and endorse it. It is soothing and balmy, safe and sure, and cures without pain or disfigurement. Those desiring free books telling about the treatment, save time and expense by addressing the home office — Dr. D. M. BYE CO., P. O. Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

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PIANOS WANTED. — Two upright pianos are greatly needed at Morgan Chapel. They are to be used for concert purposes and for Sunday-school and children's work. Have you one in storage or not in use that you will give or lend to the Lord? They are needed at once. Address the pastor, Rev. E. J. Helms, 87 Shawmut Ave.

Marriages

SMALL — O'BRIEN — At Gorham, N. H., Aug. 9, by Rev. E. W. Kennison. Herbert A. Small and Sarah O'Brien, both of Lewiston, Me.

FREEMAN — THOMPSON — At Gorham, N. H., Aug. 26, by Rev. E. W. Kennison. Aubrey Freeman and Mary Thompson, both of Gorham.

SMALL — MANN — At East Orrington, Me., Aug. 12, by Rev. S. O. Young. Clinton L. Small, of Auburn, and Harriet R. Mann, of East Orrington.

ELDRIDGE — CURTIS — At Orrington Centre, Me., Sept. 3, by Rev. S. O. Young. Elmer H. Eldridge, of South Orrington, and Flora B. Curtis, of Bucksport, Me.

MOULTON — REYNOLDS — In Malden, Sept. 4, by Rev. E. W. Virgin, of Dedham. Alvin S. Moulton and Mrs. Sarah Noyes Reynolds, both of Worcester.

BAXTER — ADAMS — In West Dennis, Mass., Aug. 31, by Rev. C. H. Hanaford, of South Lancaster. John E. Baxter, of West Dennis, and Lottie M. Adams, of South Dennis.

For Nervous Women

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It quiets and strengthens the nerves, relieves nausea and sick headache, and induces refreshing sleep. Improves general health.

W. H. M. S. — OFFICIAL NOTICE. — The Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in Grand Ave. Church, Kansas City, Mo., Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 10 a. m., and continue in session eight days.

MRS. F. A. AIKEN, Rec. Sec.

STANDARD BEARERS' EXCURSION AND RALLY. — Mrs. Gamewell, wife of Rev. F. D. Gamewell, D. D., the hero of the Pekin siege, has been engaged as speaker for the Rally, Sept. 20. Mrs. Gamewell proved herself a heroine during those trying days. She will give many unpublished stories of the siege. Mrs. Gamewell comes on from New York especially for this Rally. She is in great demand all over the country as a convention speaker, and we are very fortunate in securing her services.

The program, as now arranged, is as follows: 2.30, Navy Yard. Enter Henley St. gate, go directly to the old ship "Constitution" and meet Chaplain Tribou and his aids and register. 3 to 5, excursions through the yard, free to all. 5.30 to 7.30, ration and social hour at People's Temple, Columbus Ave. Thirty or more persons will appear in the costumes of various nations during the social hour. 7.30 to 9, evening program.

Tickets for Ration and Rally, 15 cents. Apply to Mrs. J. F. Small, 36 Bromfield St., Boston. All tickets sold in advance will be credited to the society selling them. Contributions of confectionery are solicited for the home made candy table.

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OBITUARIES

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done
Who with his treasures strove the shore to
reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

We will do likewise; death hath made no
breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be
dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down —
Take up the song where they broke off the
strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

— From "Starlight Calendar."

Chard.—Edward Chard died in Lawrence, Mass., July 26, 1902, aged 90 years, 11 months.

Mr. Chard was born in Ireland and came while a youth to America. He was converted at an early age, and up to the time of his second marriage he was an Episcopalian. The second Mrs. Chard was a Methodist, and attending with her the services of her church he soon became an ardent lover of Methodist doctrines and usages, and, connecting himself with our church, remained a consistent member until his death.

Some fifty years of Mr Chard's life were spent in Lawrence, working for thirty years or more as a carpenter and machinist. The years of rest enforced by age were passed in cheerfulness and faith, beloved by many. He performed his duties as a citizen and a Christian to the last. He went to the polls to cast his vote every election day; and on the occasion of the last call of his pastor at his home, he said: "Family prayers with us have never been given up." He suffered for several weeks just prior to his decease, from a cancer.

In 1889 Mr. Chard married Miss Mary Robb, whose faithful care and sympathy doubtless prolonged his life.

On a beautiful summer day appropriate words were spoken, his kindly face was covered in a casket, and his body was laid to rest in Mt. Bellevue cemetery, Lawrence.

Brown.—Francis Newell, son of Rev. and Mrs. Sylvester D. Brown, after an illness of several months, fell asleep in Jesus, at his home in East Livermore, Me., July 12, 1902.

Mr. Brown was born in East Livermore, Nov. 29, 1871, and here he has lived, respected and loved by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. When he was but ten months old his mother was called to her reward, and his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Billington, took him to her home and heart, tenderly caring for him until he was able to repay her by comforting her in her declining days. June 13, 1898, he was united in marriage with Miss Bertha J. Larabee, who has proved a helpmate indeed, and now mourns the loss of a kind and faithful husband.

From childhood our brother had been industrious and moral, free from all vicious and evil habits, but did not know the comforts of salvation until a few weeks before his death, having always been very reticent on the subject of religion. About three weeks before his death he called his father into his room and told him he felt himself to be a sinner and needing pardon; and when directed to Christ and reassured by invitations and promises from God's Word, he at once yielded his heart to Christ and found pardon and peace. From that hour until

his departure he spoke with strong assurance of his trust in God, and repeatedly spoke of the bright prospect of the future. A few days after his conversion he desired the writer to baptize him, and the scene when husband and wife thus dedicated themselves to Christ will never be forgotten.

The funeral services at Mr. Brown's residence were conducted by the writer, and attended by a large number of sympathizing friends. The sorrowing wife and father have the sympathy and the prayers of the church.

J. R. CLIFFORD.

Webber.—Mrs. Dorothy (Harlow) Webber was born Oct. 16, 1812, and died July 22, 1902. These two dates compass a life of religious consecration and devotion to home, to Christ and Methodism. Her long and beautiful life on earth began in Sidney, Me., and ended in Hallowell, Me.

Mrs. Webber was converted to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Augusta, where she then lived, in the year 1842, under the faithful ministry of Rev. Caleb Fuller, of the Maine Conference. For twenty years she remained in that church, where she was highly respected and greatly beloved for the strength and simplicity of her faith, the depth and richness of her religious experience, and the integrity and usefulness of her life. About forty years ago she removed to Hallowell, and was transferred by letter to the Methodist Episcopal Church of that city, where she remained a living example of the power of the Gospel to save and keep even unto death. She was the youngest daughter of Jabez and Catherine Harlow, her father being a veteran in the war of 1812, where he lost his life.

In 1829 she was married to Horatio N. Webber, of Riverside, Me. To them were given four children. The oldest died in Louisiana during the Civil War while a member of the 21st Maine Regiment.

The many friends of "Mother" Webber will remember her as a woman of unusual strength of character and conscientious sincerity. Two great sources of joy were hers—one, the love for her Saviour which for over a half-century she constantly exhibited in her daily life and conversation, and her deep attachment and unswerving loyalty to her church; the other, the domestic ties which bound her motherly nature and heart closely to every interest of her home, her children and grandchildren. They all loved her dearly, and to them all especially her life was a continual benediction, and they rise up to call her blessed. In the community she was highly esteemed as one whose sympathies extended beyond the limits of her own home. The aged, the afflicted and the poor found in her a comforter and friend. She loved her church, believed its doctrines, and to the day of her death evinced an intense interest in its prosperity. She was a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD, for she retained all her faculties in a remarkable degree. Her bright, keen wit, her cheery spirit, her sunny nature, her tender heart, her generous and open hand, never failed in their sweet and abiding ministries. She was most happy when most useful, and so intensely active was her life that, when feeling the weight of years, she wished it might be the Lord's will to take her home and let her translation be sudden. That last prayer was answered, for on the morning of her decease she appeared in usual health, when she was seized with paralysis and in a few minutes her weary yet triumphant spirit winged its way to God. Her last words to her affectionate daughter were: "Bless the Lord! Meet me in heaven."

For many years Mrs. Webber's home has been with her three daughters, first with one and then with another, receiving from them the utmost attention and care that filial hearts could render, filling her life with peace and comfort; and often she referred tenderly and lovingly to the good homes and faithful children the Lord had given her. Thank God we were permitted to walk with her a little way, and while she rests from her labors we live in the bright hope of a glorious resurrection. Her memory is precious.

One brother, Andrew F. Smiley, of Riverside, Me., and three daughters survive her: Mrs. W. H. Wise, of Newburyport, Mass., and Mrs. W. J. Getchell and Mrs. J. H. Lowell, of Hallowell, Me. Her remains were quietly and gently borne to their final resting-place by four grandchildren. May all meet in heaven!

W. CANHAM.

Condition of Jews in Jerusalem

[From the Menorah.]

The most striking feature of the early days of the session of the Jewish Chautauqua Society was the revelation of the conditions in Jerusalem and in Palestine generally, by Rabbi Martin A. Meyer of San Francisco, who for the past year has been Fellow of the American School at Palestine, and has devoted himself to a detailed study of the problems confronting Jews there.

Rabbi Meyer pictured the economic condition of the people of Jerusalem as poor. Work is not available for large numbers of them, and they live a hand-to-mouth existence. Most of the 45,000 Jews in Jerusalem need relief, and it is a pity that so much of the money sent to the city should be squandered in passing through the hands of its dispensers. The educational conditions are such that only a small proportion of the young people can obtain instruction of a high grade. Many would want to study professions, but even if they had the opportunity there would be little outlet for them to practice. The moral conditions are in consonance with the general state of affairs, for much of debasing immorality exists among the population of Jerusalem and among the Jews resident therein.

Nowhere in the world are there so many Jewish converts to Christianity as in the Holy City itself. In Christ Church, which is maintained by the English Missionary Society, the assistant rector, the boy choir, and a large majority of the congregation are composed of those who were formerly Orthodox Jews. The proselytizing done by the various missionaries in Jerusalem is bold and constant.

How Alcohol Acts

Physicians tell us precisely how alcohol acts on the system. Almost the moment it is swallowed it makes its way through the veins of the stomach into the blood, which it darkens. Its action is immediate, for it has undergone no transformation. It passes away very slowly through the skin, lungs and kidneys, which are irritated by its passage. Once introduced into

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath, and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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the body, it performs its deathly work. The digestive apparatus is the first point of attack. The stomach, whether bloated by beer drinking or shrunk by brandy drinking, soon becomes ulcerated, causing hemorrhages. Digestion becomes more difficult, for the gastric juices are diminished in quantity by the paralyzing of the glands.

The liver becomes congested and swollen, heavy and painful. This is fatty degeneration of the liver. Then sometimes the liver shrivels up and is covered with a hard, stony tissue. This is cirrhosis. The taste changes very early, leading to all kinds of aberrations. When an old absinthe drinker was put on a milk diet in the hospital, he complained that the milk burned his throat. He managed to get some pure absinthe, which he swallowed, claiming that it refreshed and cooled his throat wonderfully. The circulatory system is no less affected. The arteries become hard and brittle. Accidents which would normally affect only the aged seriously, strike down young alcoholized persons. The irritation of the lungs produces a dry cough, tending directly toward tuberculosis. The kidneys, worn out by the accumulation of alcohol, become inflamed, leading to Bright's disease or other kidney affection.

The worst troubles resulting from alcohol's abuse are those of the nervous system, weakening of memory, nightmares, visions of impossible animals, hallucinations, general paralysis, insanity. Delirium tremens threatens every alcoholic patient. The finest intelligence is soon destroyed by this poison. — *New York Herald.*

A Small Matter to Die

Life is a matter of very small account to any one in comparison with duty doing, whether a man realizes this truth or not. Whatever is worth living for is worth dying for, if dying be an incident to its pursuing. When the Roman general, Pompey, was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy, to meet a new trouble in his own land, his heroic answer was: "It is a small matter that I should move forward and die. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live." Life is never well used when it is held dearer than duty. He who would tell a lie in order to live is willing to pay a great deal larger price for his life than that life is worth to himself — or to others. — *H. C. Trumbull, D. D.*

East Greenwich Academy

East Greenwich Academy opens its doors for the fall term this week Tuesday. The outlook is excellent for a large school. Several important additions have been made to the faculty. Miss Lucy Anne Allen, of East Greenwich, has been secured as a teacher of voice. Miss Allen is of a staunch Methodist family and has a voice of remarkable sweetness and power. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, where she was a pupil of William L. Whitney, and has just returned from a two years' residence abroad, where she studied under the renowned Sig. Luigi Vannucini, of Florence, Italy, and M. Koenig, of Paris. Miss Julia A. Simmons has been added to the faculty as a teacher of English branches. Miss Simmons is a niece of Lieut. Gov. John L. Bates, and comes to the Academy with a superior equipment and several years' successful experience in teaching. Miss Elsie M. Sites, who taught the modern languages last year, has accepted a position in the high school of Middletown, Conn., and her place has been filled by the election of Miss Grace A. Barnum, of Littleton, N. H. Miss Barnum graduated in this year's class at Boston University, and will teach English and German. Prof. F. R. Clark, who for two years has been at the head of the science department, resigned to accept a similar position in the high school of Woburn, Mass., and Mr. Earl Eastman, of Franklin, N. H., has been elected to take his place. Prof. Eastman is a graduate of Dartmouth, class of '90, and has had two years of successful experience.

rience. The other teachers remain the same as last year. These are: Prof. and Mrs. Strickland, who have taught in the commercial department for so many years; Miss Anna M. Starbuck, preceptress; Prof. C. C. Delano, Latin and Greek; Miss Jennie M. Weller, director of musical department; Miss A. Jennie Cox, art department; and Miss Bernice W. Griffith, elocution. Rev. Ambrie Field continues as principal, and all inquiries relating to the school should be addressed to him.

Educational Notice

A subscriber of ours, a prominent business man of Boston, writes that he will be very glad to hear from any ambitious reader of ZION'S HERALD who desires a technical education. This gentleman, whose name is withheld at his request, has at his disposal a few scholarships, limited to Sept. 25, entitling the holder to free tuition in a well-known correspondence school. Write to T. S. B., Box 3787, Boston, Mass., for particulars.

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The Late Rev. B. J. Chew

F. S. HATCH.

General Secretary of United Society of Christian Endeavor in India, Burma and Ceylon.

THE Methodist Mission in Calcutta loses an admirable and devoted missionary by reason of the death of Rev. B. J. Chew. Mr. Chew was graduated from Boston University, and during his seminary course was a frequent and acceptable preacher in different churches in eastern Massachusetts. His missionary life and work have been spoken of in high terms by his associates in the Calcutta Mission. I have every reason to believe that their judgment as to his usefulness in the particular work to which he had given his life was correct.

My own acquaintance with Mr. Chew was along different lines. He was one of the first to receive me when I came to Calcutta to establish my headquarters, and I was a member of his household until the time of his last sickness. Here I saw him often in the home, and came to appreciate the sterling qualities of his character. He was kind, tender, considerate, patient, and very thoughtful of others. His home life was most beautiful, but his public duties left him scarcely time for his meals, still less for the quiet rest which every missionary in India so sorely needs. On account of the scant supply of workers Mr. Chew had charge of two schools, either one of which was ample employment for one man. His duties as presiding elder of course occupied some time, and there are other things that fall upon a missionary in this land. To all these Mr. Chew gave himself most unsparingly. It has been my fortune to meet missionaries of all the denominations all over India, but I now recall no man who put more hours into public work than did Mr. Chew. His early and lamented death is the price of such assiduous toil.

I find it difficult to believe that God intends or desires the American Church to leave its mission stations so scantily supplied as to render such over-work necessary. I think of the millions included in the Methodist communion, and I fervently hope that the death of Mr. Chew may be the means of summoning to the Indian field scores and hundreds of Methodist youth who will take up the work now so insufficiently supplied with workers. No mission where I have been has enough men and women to do all that ought to be done and that they feel should be done, and as a class I regard missionaries as over-worked; but my visits to the stations of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in India lead me to feel that this lack is conspicuously evident in the missions of this great church. Success brings new responsibilities and calls for many new workers, and the brilliant success

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of Methodist missions in India, especially in the United Provinces, calls for more laborers and a decided advance, or else it means unreasonable peril to those already in the field. May the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into His harvest!

Calcutta, Aug. 5.

The Pope and the Friars

[From the Boston Pilot.]

THERE is no manner of doubt as to the attitude of the holy father toward the Spanish friars. It is the policy of voluntary elimination. We have the most profound respect for the heroism and devotion of the Spanish missionary. His record of bravery and self-sacrifice during the last three centuries is one of the brightest chapters of history. It is his work that has given Spain the world-wide dominion she possesses, and it is his devotion among the conquered people that has perpetuated this power to the present day. But, in order to get the proper perspective, let us place the matter in another light. Let us suppose that the priesthood in Ireland during the last three centuries, instead of being Irish to the core and devoted to the people's best interests, were emissaries of England. Let us suppose they belonged to religious orders whose superior-generals were all Englishmen and were closely identified with the English crown; that they had free access to the royal palace, and their coming and going was at the behest of the English king; how long would the Irish people tolerate such a priesthood, though its personnel was made up of the best of men, and what probably would be the state of religion in Ireland today after a century of such antagonism? It may be readily understood, then, why a considerable number of the Filipino people, in their revolt against the Spanish government, are antagonistic to the friars; and it may be as readily understood why, in the Americanization of the islands, it would be well to replace these same good men by just as good men who know the English language and who understand and are devoted to the American system of non-interference in church matters.

Chattel or Reptile

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

WE should really like to know "where we are at." Are we chattels, bought and sold, or reptiles crawling in the dust? Apparently we must be the one or the other, if not both. For so we are vehemently declared to be by clergymen, who are surely honorable men. We are, of course, resigned to be known as one or the other, but we should really like to know which it is.

A few days ago a superheated pulpiteer of the Baptist persuasion, declaring that "it would not take long for this city, if Roman Catholicism became dominant here, to become just as much a cesspool as the Philippines were," added that there was no help in the newspapers, for "the press has been bought over to the Roman Catholic Church." Now comes a perfervid divine of the Roman Catholic denomination declaring that the United States "public school system is 'ruining Protestantism and increasing the swelling ranks of infidelity,'" and adding that there is no help in the newspapers, for they are "a reptile press." Apparently, like the victims of the old woodsman's trap, we are bound to be caught, coming or going.

"Bredderin," exclaimed the Senegambia preacher, "we stan' at de forks ob de road. On one han' am de strait an' easy path dat

leads to eternal torment, an' on de odder han' am de broad an' narrow path dat leads to eberlasting condemnation!" "In dat case," promptly interjected one of his hearers -- "in dat case dis niggah 'll take to de woods!"

We should certainly feel like taking to the woods if we had the slightest assurance that these rival hot gospellers were doing anything more than talking for buncombe.

Christianity in Business Life

MEN are asking everywhere this question: "Is it possible for a man to be engaged in the activities of our modern life, and yet be a Christian? Is it possible for a man to be a broker, a shop-keeper, a lawyer, a mechanic -- is it possible for a man to be in a business of today, and yet love his God and his fellow-man as himself?" I do not know what transformations these dear businesses of yours undergo before they shall be true and ideal homes for the child of God; but I do know that upon Christian merchants and Christian brokers and Christian lawyers and Christian men in business today there rests an awful and a beautiful responsibility to prove -- if you can prove it -- that these things are capable of being made Divine, to prove that a man can do the work which you have been doing this morning, and will do this afternoon, and yet shall love his God and his fellow-man as himself. If he cannot, what business have you to be doing them? If he can, what business have you to be doing them so poorly, carnally, and unspiritually that men look on them and shake their heads with doubt? It belongs to Christ in men, first to prove that man may be a Christian, and yet do business; and, in the second place, to show how a man, as he becomes a greater Christian, shall purify and lift the business which he does, and make it the worthy occupation of the Son of God. -- Bishop Brooks.

A View of the Mountains -- A Sail of 60 Miles on Lake Winnepesaukee

To tell the beauties of Lake Winnepesaukee would be impossible, and to rehearse its prime qualities might seem tiresome, but its glories are so great and its attributes so attractive, that even a mention of the name conjures scenes and pleasures seldom seen. The sail, which occupies five hours, on the steamer "Mt. Washington," brings one into touch with the various points of interest around the lake, and affords an excellent opportunity to view the distant White Mountains and surrounding hills. The ride in the train is through a section of country whose beauty is celebrated, and the destination point, "Winnepesaukee," named by the Indians, meaning the "Smile of the Great Spirit," seems a fit stopping place for such a jolly journey.

Would you miss the beauties of your own section of country? Would you forfeit the pleasures so easily within your reach, when, for the very low rate of \$2 for the round trip, including the sail over the lake, the Boston & Maine Railroad offers you the opportunity?

Saturday, Sept. 13, is the date. Special train will leave Boston at 8.20 A. M., arriving at Alton Bay, where connection is made with steamer. Returning, leave Alton Bay for Boston on arrival of steamer. Tickets will be on sale at city ticket office, 322 Washington Street, corner of Milk Street, up to 5 P. M. Friday, Sept. 12, and at Union Station ticket office after 5 P. M.

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